Whispers of the Muses

S. B. Huddleston

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Book

S. B. Huddleston

Whispers of the Muses,

by

Samuel Brown Huddleston,

Dublin, Indiana.

Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose.
— Cowper —

Published by the author,
In his own hand writing.
— 1908 —

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Copyright 1908,
by
Samuel Brown Huddleston.

Gift
Author
MAR 1916

Dedicated,
tenderly & lovingly,
to my wife:
Sarah E. Huddleston;
who has so kindly, and lovingly endured
my more than 40 years of devotion to my
pen; my numerous trifling literary efforts
and my application to my books.
May many more happy years
be added to her
noble life.

If there is music in thy heart
My rhymes will find an echo there;
But if a critic cold thou art,
Grave faults will be found everywhere.
Much, cheerful love to praise will find,
In the good effort of a friend;
A carping heart will judge unkind,
Without a righteous aim, or end.

What Will the End Be?

I have wondered, oft times, what the ending will be
Of my labor in meter and ~~and~~ rhymes?
Will one soul be made sweeter – more happiness see,
Be more glorious, Christlike, sublime?

I have wondered if precious the seeds I have sown
Will be held in some needy, sad heart?
Will one thought I have dropt some new blessing make
known?
Will just one good, pure impulse here start?

While I've wondered I've prayed that in God's own good time
Whether I shall be here, or be there,
Some dear soul may be helped by these pen-words of mine –
Souls in need may be strengthened somewhere.

My dear Father, thou knowest me; pray let it be –
Not from any vain, selfish desire,
But, dear Lord, that my labors may glorify Thee,
All my thoughts and my pen pray inspire.

The Twenty-third Psalm

The Lord my good Shepherd is he,
To me shall no want ever come nigh,
My resting green pastures shall be,
Where waters flow peacefully by.

My soul he restoreth each day;
Thru paths of righteousness I shall take.
He lovingly leadeth the way,
E'en for his own worthy names sake

Yea, though I walk thro' the dark vale,
The shadow of death though it be;
No fear shall my footsteps assail,
His presence is comforting me

A table for me there is spread
That enemies passing may see.
With oil he anointeth my head,
My cup runneth over for me.

Dear Lord, in thy house I'll sing praise;
While goodness, and mercy, and love
Shall follow me all of my days,
Down flowing from Father above.

1847

How Peacefully Pleasant the Hours

How peacefully pleasant the hours
Since Jesus from sin set me free.
His love thrills my soul with its showers;
His spirit abideth with me;
His voice bids dark clouds flee away;
His presence disperses my gloom;
He speaks my dark nights into day;
My pathway is fragrant with bloom.

Contented I rest in his arms,
His pleasure to do is my joy;
His service hath glorious charms,
Set free from all sin's dark alloy;
Now blest with the sense of his love,
I feel his sweet presence within.
His goodness to me he did prove
When fully he saved me from sin.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,"
No longer is music to me;
"Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,"
Are foretastes of blessings to be.
And oh, that my neighbors might know
Such freedom from sin's deadly snare!
Salvation — 'tis heaven below —
"But what will it be to be there?"

1906.

Beatific.

The happiest life that man can live
Is that which has a heart to give.

The noblest life that's known above
Is that whose heart responds to love.

The purest life in age or youth
Is that which knows of naught but truth.

The sweetest life that angels know
Is that which feels a brother's woe.

The greatest life God can inspire
Is that which lifts a brother higher.

The easiest life that's known to man
Is that which labours when it can.

The brightest life below our God
Is that which scatters light abroad.

The richest life one can secure
Is that which loves and helps the poor.

The wisest life in all the lands
Is that which honors God's commands.

The bravest life by day or night
Is that which dares to do the right.

The kingliest life that can be given
Is that which wears the crown in heaven.

1898.

A Little Soldier.

I am a little soldier,
Mustered in
The army of temptation,
And of sin.

I am a soldier arming
For the strife;
To fight the trying battles
Of a life.

I am a little sentinel,
Who must stand
On guard with evils prowling
Near my hand.

But Jesus is my captain,
He will save
From perils in my pathway
To the grave.

1890.

Service.

It's service that crowneth the christian with life,
A service that helpeth the poor;
A service that feeleth the sorrow and strife
Of beggars that call at your door;
A service that grasps with a brotherly hand
The hand of a sin-hardened heart;
A service that's needed and most in demand
Is deeds we in love may impart.

Light.

Wonderful light,
Beautiful, bright,
Visions of rapture to start—
Glorious beams,
Endless it streams
From the great Heart of all hearts.

Twinkling star,
Yonder so far,
Wonderous light it imparts;
Specular thought
Manward it brought
From the great Heart of all hearts.

Comet so bright,
Wonder of sight,
Little we know of thy parts:
But in thy trail
Beauties do sail
From the great Heart of all hearts.

Lightening's sharp flash -
Thunders quick crash
Fearful our beings do start.
Yet there's a Hand
Spread over the land
From the great Heart of all hearts.

Light of thy love
Shine from above
Precious, our Life-light thou art.
Light of high heaven
Earthward free given
From the great Heart of all hearts.

1894.

A Welcome Guest.

Dear Friend: our home is open wide,
And welcome you shall be,
As long as you with us abide,
And with our home agree.

If unto us you would be true,
Remember this with care,
We grateful rev'rence ask of you
For this our home of prayer.

Remember Jesus dwells with us,
And makes our home secure;
He loveth all that's pure and just,
But can no sin endure

Respect this Friend while you abide
Within our open doors—
I would not take him from our fireside
If you'd take him to yours.

1900.

Better be happy and always content,
Than have your whole lifetime for riches
all spent

Moment by Moment.

There's never a moment but Jesus is mine;
There's never a shade where his light cannot shine;
There's never a darkness but he can make bright;
There's never a duty but he can make light—
If moment by moment I'll trust and obey,
He'll lovingly lead me from day unto day.
He'll lovingly lead me from day unto day,
If moment by moment I'll trust and obey.

There's never a trial but he has been there;
There's never a burden but he will help bear;
There's never a sorrow that he does not feel;
There's never a heart-ache that he cannot heal.
If moment by moment I'll lean on his arm
He'll lovingly keep me secure from all harm.
He'll lovingly keep me secure from all harm
If moment by moment I'll lean on his arm.

There's never a tear-drop but he'll wipe away;
There's never a dullness but he'll turn to day;
There's never a moaning but he draweth nigh;
There's never a danger but he standeth by.
If moment by moment my prayers do not cease
He'll lovingly whisper sweet anthems of peace.
He'll lovingly whisper sweet anthems of peace
If moment by moment my prayers do not cease.

There's never a sickness that he cannot heal;
There's never a weakness that does not feel;
There's never a moment if him I'll obey,
But Jesus, my Saviour will lead all the way.

If moment by moment I'll ask him for grace
He'll lovingly hold me in his safe embrace.
He'll lovingly hold me in his safe embrace
If moment by moment I'll ask him for grace.
1903.

Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
O, mighty, wonderous mystery!
Man can't with figures count thy time
By measurement thy space divine!
Thy vast domain no man can bound;
Thy endless depth no line can sound.
When myriads of ages pass,
No part of thy immenseness hast
Exhausted, or been worn away;
But still unmeasured as Today,
'Twill be the same eternal Now,
Though men may wonder why, or how.
God from Eternity that's past
To his unbounded Future hast
Fixed for the children of his love
A home in ceaseless bliss above.
1897.

Looking Back.

Now I am old,
And looking back,
My life through bold
I firmness lack.

Life's but a span;
A fleeting hour.
How like a man
A fading flower.

I'll look not now
Upon the past,
Complaining how
It flitteth fast.

But rather I
In hope and trust
The future hie:
Face it I must.

The past is dead,
Then let it be.
I'll face instead
Eternity.

1898.

More Than Friend.

Dear Lord, Thou'rt more to me than friend,
Thou'rt my abiding Guest,
Thy love for me can never end,
Thou giv'st peace and rest.
Thy arms me lift when'er I fall,
Thou hearest me when'er I call.

Yes, more than friend I've found in Thee
When I've been sorely tried;
From troubles Thou hast set me free
When none could help beside,
Now leaning on Thy loving arm,
Dear Lord, I fear no ill nor harm.

When I shall pass through death's dark night
Though Jordan's waves may roll,
I'll keep my hand in Thine own tight—
In Thee I'll rest my soul.
Dear Lord I will not shrink nor fear
For Thou, my Saviour, art so near.

When I have landed on that shore
I'll join the ransomed throng,
With loved ones who have gone before
In our redemption song.
Glad hallelujahs without end
We'll sing to Him, our More than Friend.

1904.

Thy Will Be Done.

A child in burning fever lay,
His life was young and pure;
The mother sought death's hand to stay
And preacher's prayers implore.

"Your boys is dying now, I fear,"
The preacher softly said;
When the young mother drew him near
Her little darling's bed.

"Pray God that it may not be so,"
The anxious mother cried;
And kneeling with the preacher low,
The Father's mercy tried.

"Father, if it be Thy will, spare —"
"Hush! It must be His will.
Those 'ifs' I cannot — will not bear;
Demand, or else be still."

The boy lived; became a man:
A wayward son was he.
The preacher prayed for him again,
This time more reverently.

"Father forgive this wicked son;
The law says he must die.
We've learned to pray, 'Thy will be done,'
Our will we once did try."

1897.

Master of Thought

Thoughts come and go, I know not why,
I cannot keep them if I try.
Like hurricanes they sometimes crash;
Or like the vivid lightenings flash;
Or like the deafening thunder tone;
Or like the dying sea-waves moan;
Or like the floating summer breeze;
Like butterflies, or stinging bees.
Without beginning and extend
Through future ages without end.
They dart, they fly; arise and fall.
I find I can not hold them all.
The best oft fleetest in their flight,
The dullest linger till the night.
I would not keep all if I could;
I must not hold all that I would;
Then let them on swift wings arise,
Fly far away to other skies,
Flit on with many a hackneyed note,
Through many a key still let them float.
The brightest wisdom I have earned
Has come from warnings, I have learned.
From foolish thoughts I strive to hide,
From meaner trumperies of pride,
From poverty's most careful stint,
From richer men's most lavish mint,
From harmful copings of the best,
From vain ambition, and the rest:—
So through them all I learn to trace
A wealth of character and grace
And in the end be what I ought
A master of the wings of thought.

1901.

Reflections.

He who would claim a place in fame
Must climb the ladder round by round;
Man came to earth weak at his birth,
In weakness he goes to the ground.

Whom God would own dwells much alone
In prayer for wisdom, peace and power;
Vain favor sought brings man to naught,
And all the world to such will sour.

Society will smile on thee
While thou art not in need of friends;
But when you see adversity,
Your standing with the proud will end.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed:"
Then make thy friends where friends are true;
You can depend upon a friend,
For what you are who loveth you.

When God has frowned, his love is found
To be his object, and and care;
With him alone he will make known
His love in answer to your prayer.

1903.

Consecration.

Dear Father, now a while with thee
I'd humbly steal away;
From every worldly care set free,
To sing and praise and pray.

Now draw me closer to thy ~~heart~~ breast,
My Father, God above;
Come Holy Spirit, give me rest
In thy own precious love.

Come teach me, Lord, true piety;
Let me thy presence feel.
And consecrated now to thee,
My will to thine I yield.

1893.

Look Beyond.

I looked into the cold dark tomb,
And saw how dark and full of gloom;
I looked beyond the tombs confine
And saw a light of glory shine.

Five Blessed Marys

I'd like to have been of the five
Good Marys that on earth alive
Did walk with Jesus in that day
And heard all things he had to say.

First Mary:—
The fairest daughter of Hali,
The Virgin that brought heaven nigh,
Our Saviour's mother, blest, to be,
The chosen of old Galilee.

"Behold thy handmaiden oh Lord,
Be it according to thy word,"
She said, and what less could she say
Whose will was God's will every day.

God's messenger she glad received,
His secret to her she believed,
And trusting she at once did sing
Glad praises unto Zion's King.

By Jordan she beheld the dove,
No doubt, as it came from above;
"My well beloved Son," she heard
The Father speak the blessed word.

Her son's Divinity no, ~~no~~ doubt,
She knew before the wine was out;
His miracles she saw, and knew
That He from Heaven power drew.

In Him she trusted, and his cause,
Nor failed when He died on the cross;
She saw him raised up from the tomb,
And knew he'd robbed death of its gloom.

Second Mary:-
The angels of heaven did bless
The wife of Cleopas, good;
The mother of James, called the Less,
Of Joses, and Simon, and Jude.

Disciples they were of the Lord,
United and fervent and true;
And steadfast their service accord,
In love his good will they did do.

In sorrow by sister's dear side
She stood in that tragic, dark hour.
When man's blest Redeemer there died,
She felt the earth quake with His power.

With all of the rest in their gloom,
She wept as she followed the way
Down from the rude cross to the tomb—
In sadness she'd wept all the day.

Third Mary:—

The Third blessed Mary observed
All Jesus to her had to say;
While Martha so anxiously served
With care in domestic's worn way.

Contented she sat at his feet
And listened with longing of heart
Such service to her was more sweet
Than Martha's more perishing part.

In hope her pure soul there was kept,
And when they appeared at the tomb
Where Jesus for Lazerous wept
In presence of death and its gloom.

'Twas glory for her all that day,
For Jesus bade brother arise;
The dead she his voice saw obey,
Saw men fall in awful surprise.

More fervent her service she spends
With costly and sweetest perfumes,
Anoints her dear Lord, and with friends
Saw him when he came from the tomb.

Fourth Mary:—

And Mary mother of John Mark,
Her name will ne'er be lost,
To her home came the precious spark
The day of Pentecost

Before Christs death, and afterward
Her house was open wide
To all who'd hear the blessed Word,
Or from the Rabbis hide.

'Twas there at supper — noted day —
That John leaned on his breast,
And Judas went out to betray
Her Lord: her loved guest.

How precious are the memories still
That cluster 'round that hearth,
Our hearts with rapture feel the thrill
Of new life there in birth.

Fifth Mary:-

And blest the name shall ever be
Of Mary Magdalene;
Her home near by low Galilee,
So peaceful there was seen

As a disciple she was true
And heard his precious word,
She followed him the country through
Saw him her risen Lord.

She journied to Jerusalem
By other women's side,
Stood by the Virgin Mary when
Her son was crucified.

And early first day of the week
Their Saviour to imbalm
She went with others, humbly, meek
In early morning's calm.

When they drew near they were amazed,-
The stone was rolled aside
Then closer they in wonder gazed,-
To see within they tried.

Two angels suddenly appeared;
The women shrank in fright;
The angels spake – allayed their fears,
Their presence dazzling white.

"He's risen, look thou in and see,
Go quickly, Peter tell.
And meet thy Lord in Galilee."
What sweeter words e'er fell?

The women ran news to impart;
But Mary Magdalene
Still tarried weeping, sad at heart,
For strange things she had seen.

"Why weepest thou?" the angel said.
What blessing to record,
In conversation to be led
With angels of the Lord!

But hush, there still is greater joys
For Jesus draweth nigh,
He Mary called. She knew his voice
And cried, "My Rabboni!"

1896

Where Are They?

Where are the dear people I knew in my youth,
The dear ones whose lives were great lessons of truth,
The ones that I used to hear sing and to pray
And speak of their hopes of a glorious day;
Their labours among us were not wrought in vain,
I know that their hopes of bright glory did gain,
And oh what rejoicing we all shall know when
Redeemed we shall meet all those loved ones again.

Say! Where are our fathers and mothers today,
Who taught us with care in the heavenly way—
Those sainted ones who in that time long ago
Well taught us the highway of glory to know?
Those lives a bright beacon to guide us have been—
To guide us so safely through reef-rocks of sin.
I'm longing to see the glad dawning day when
Redeemed we shall meet them and greet them again.

And where are our dearly beloved ones gone—
Those children who left us in early life's dawn?
They died:—This is what we're accustomed to say,
And cold in the ground we have laid them away.
What joy to remember the clods of the tomb
Holds not the dear soul in its damp, narrow room.
But trusting we're waiting to see the day when
Redeemed we shall meet them and know them again.

1896

A Palace of Thought.

I'll build me a palace of beautiful thought,
Of thoughts that are sinless and sweet;
Each room I will finish as Jesus hath taught,
With beauty and love all complete.

Of thoughts that are pleasant and restful I'll rear
A palace that angels shall guard;
Nor pain, nor distress, nor emotions of fear
Shall ever my building retard.

I'm building in Beulah, a beautiful land,
No stain of a sin there is brought
I'm building each moment a house that will stand;
A palace of sinless, pure thought.

Colorado Springs, Oct. 1907.

Our Last Thoughts.

When our last day on earth has come,
That comes alike to low and high—
For all, in truth, are brothers—
We'll think not of what we have done
For self in days that have gone by,
But what we've done for others!

1900.

Give Yourself a Chance.

Dear Friend there lies within thy soul
An impulse bidding thee arise.
Look up, for yonder lies thy goal;
Strive for it; win it, and be wise.
Up, Friend! Arise! Advance,
And give thyself a chance!

God loves thee, Brother, and he's near,
He says so in his Holy Word.
And Jesus died for thee. Come, hear
The pleadings of thy loving Lord.
Get up! Arise! Advance!
Come give thyself a chance.

The Church is praying now for thee,
Will lead thee gently till thou'rt strong,
And Jesus calls in sympathy.
Why grovel up in sin so long?
Up! Be a man! Advance!
And give thyself a chance.

The ways of sin so dark and drear,
Their trial why so long repeat?
Their disappointments have no cheer,
But all thy hopes defeat.
Then up! Move on! Advance!
And give thyself a chance.

1890

Beautiful Feet.

Full many a time I have feasted my eyes
On the scenes of a beautiful sunset;
Or watched the bright silvery seas kiss the skies,
Where the water and ether have met.

I love all the beauty of heavenly birth,
All the fragrant, green woodland and flowers,
The happy, sweet songbirds that God gave to earth,
And the sunshine that comes after showers.

God's whole creation's a beautiful scroll;
And I see on all sides that which pleases.
More beautiful still are the feet of the soul
That doth walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

1898.

Earth's Greatest Book.

I've searched the wide world o'er and o'er,
On every land and work.
Through master works of men did pore
To find earth's greatest book.

This universal verdict stands,
To it the world now looks,
The Bible is, in all the lands,
The One Great Book of books.

1898.

My Last Farewell.

Dear Friends, if I may speak once more
To loved ones on earth's fleeting shore—
To dear ones among men—
I'll whisper softly, Fare-thee-well,
Not as if 'twere love's final knell,
But hope we'll meet again.

While you look on my lifeless clay,
Death's billows will before you play,
And Jordan's swelling tide,
But I'll be on the other shore,
There greeting friends that went before;
Safe by my Saviour's side.

And looking backward I shall see
Glide Jordan's waters peacefully,
Death is not what it seems.
If you will trust and forward go,
The Lord will calm the storms that blow
While light from heaven streams.

Then strive to meet me, loved ones dear,
While trusting Him the way is clear,
His arms will bear thee o'er.
Remember I will look for thee,
Be looking, waiting, thee to see
Where parting is no more.

1895.

I Give Myself To Thee.

I give myself, dear Lord, to Thee;
In humble trustfulness I yield.
Thy Word my guide shall ever be;
Thy Spirit be my strength—my shield.
In sore temptation's dreadful hour
I'll trust in Thy all saving power.

In Thee I'll banish every doubt,
My pleasure be thy blessed will,
My life in Thee all hedged about
With whisperings of "Peace, be still."
An ever present saving peace;
A flow of bliss that cannot cease.

I'm resting happy all day long,
While growing in thy blessed grace.
Salvation is my daily song,
To Thee my heart is chanting praise
Glad hallelujahs I now sing
To Thee my everlasting King

Shall I?

For fear of sinful man shall I
Deny my Lord,
Refuse the Hand of the Most High,
Nor trust his word?

Shall giddy speech my tongue employ
To please the throng?
Shall I my power for good destroy
By doing wrong?

Shall I a moral coward be
For worldly pride,
Afraid, my Lord, to honor thee
Thy will abide?

To gain, deceitful smiles shall I
A slave e'er be,
Consent in sin to live and die
Disowned by thee?

My Lord, Oh may it not be so;
But let me be
Thine own to speak, to do, to go,
To honor Thee.

Victory Song.

Praise God, ye dedicated host;
Praise Him, we have the Holy Ghost;
We've had a glorious Pentecost;
    We're feeling now its blessed power.
Rejoice for night has passed away
And we have seen a glorious day.
Shout victry. Let glad tongues obey,
    For heaven's sweet reviving shower.

We feel the consecration fire;
Our ardent zeal is burning higher;
To deeper truths our hearts aspire
    In holy bonds of Christian love.
Praise God for faith that stirs men's hearts;
For grace that better purpose starts;
For the new birth that He imparts;
    For hope of endless life above.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;"
Praise Him who loved us long ago,
    And died from sin to make us free.
Praise Him ye consecrated host;
Praise Him who loved us first and most;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
    Praise Him who died on Calvery.

1895.

How Sweet It Will Be.

How sweet it will be in that day
When mortal is ebbing away:
How happy—
How glad I'll the summons obey.

The angels will hover around,
Sweet anthems of music abound:
Sweet music—
Sweet anthems through heaven will sound.

Yes, sweet in that day it will be,
His arms there encircling me:
Dear Jesus—
My Jesus—my Savior I'll see.

In gladness the angels will come,
To bear me so lovingly home:
Forever—
Forever and ever at home.

What meetings of loved ones so dear,
In glory so peacefully clear:
With loved ones—
Dear saved ones our heaven to share.

'Tis sweet to love Jesus while here,
If heaven and earth bringeth near:
But what will—
Oh what will it be to be there?

1898.

The Bright Way.

I have dear friends gone on before,
They're watching me from heaven's shore:
My wealth, my care,
My daily prayer,
Are centered there.

My heart goes out to them in love,
I long to meet them there above,
Redeemed and blest,
At home they rest,
Our Father's guests.

Dear brilliant Light from heaven streams
Within my soul until it seems
The Way's so bright
No shades of night
Can dim my sight.

My Father's presence thrills my soul,
And stills the storm-waves that would roll
Across my way.
But when I pray
The winds obey.

In our dear home, when we all meet
With Jesus, Oh, 'twill be so sweet
To bathe in seas
Of blessed peace
That can not cease.

Quiet Restfulness.

Awake, my soul, and shout his praise,
Sing happy hallelujah lays!
But no! He bids my tongue be still,
While he my heart with bliss would fill.

Yes, dumb I gaze at radiant spheres
Of glory while in humble tears
I bask in His full light divine
And claim all He has said is mine.

While others shout aloud His praise
Or sweetly sing of His rich grace
He bids me softly, "Peace, be still,"
I can but do his blessed will.

Upon devotions wings I mount
In humble quiet to the Fount,
And drink and feel He holds me strong
While others shout his praise along.

Sing on, ye saints, it is His will,
Or let your shouts His temple fill,
Or if in peace your soul He'd bless,
Receive in grateful quietness.

Jesus Will Help Me.

Still more about Jesus, my Lord, would I know,
That more of his grace I to others may show;
Yet I cannot bear These glad tidings alone,
But Jesus will help me, for I am his own.

I love my dear Saviour; He's made me so free.
My life consecrated forever shall be:
Yet I cannot keep myself holy alone,
But Jesus will help me, for I am his own.

When I am bowed down and fatigued with great cares,
I'll tell it to Jesus, for he hears my prayers;
I cannot, I know, bear all burdens alone,
But Jesus will help me, for I am his own.

And when I am vexed by the Tempter and tried,
I'll flee unto Jesus, in him I will hide:
For surely I'd fall if he left me alone,
But Jesus will help me, for I am his own.

When through the dark valley of death I must go,
When Jordans cold waters about me must flow,
I can not pass over in freedom alone,
But Jesus will help me, for I am his own.

Urias Klure.

The man is poor! What man is poor?
Not honest, good Urias Klure:
For ever there around his hearth
Are heard sweet songs of love and mirth.

His happy children laugh with glee,
In sport and romp they're glad and free
From morning till the evening's close,
With hearts as light as breeze that blows

They gambol o'er the grassy hill,
And sport along the rippling rill,
They gather daisies in the dell,
And watch the summer rosebuds swell.

This honest, good Urias Klure.
Works hard each day with purpose pure;
He labours hard for bread to eat,
And honest toil to him is sweet.

Cold death came to his home one day
And bore a precious child away;
Urias Klure saw through the gloom
A sunbeam shining o'er the tomb.

He droped a tear then looked away
In hope, to Love's eternal day,
Where his dear child would have more room
To grow into a perfect bloom.

He hath great store of wealth above,
And feels it's drawing cords of love;
"Like ivy 'round a dying tree
So his own frail humanity."

Then tell me not this man is poor,
This faithful, good Urias Klure;
To him, on earth, great peace is given,
And Love's immortal hope of Heaven.
1884.

Shepherd Lead Me.
(An acrostic.)

S hepherd lead me,
H elp and feed me,
E ach hour, each day
P repare the way.
H old me ever fast,
E 'en to the last;
R edeem and save,
D own through the grave.

Let me with Thee
E ternally
A bide and trust
D ear Lord I must.

My Lord I'll prove
E ach day Thy love.
1868.

45

Recruiting for the Sunday School.

My dear Sunday School may be I've broken the rule,
But I hope that it may not be so,
For we want all the children to come to our School,
Cause my teacher's been telling me so.

Now this evening when coming along on the street,
On my way to this festival gay,
I just chanced this poor girl in her rags to meet,
And I've brought her along just this way.

She can't read much, she said, and you see she's not neat,
She was never on Sunday to School;
But I brought her along for our Christmas day treat,
And I hope I've not broken the rule.

When I met her I stopped just a moment to think,
What if she had from Bethlehem strolled,
And outside we had met at the fountain to drink,
A stranger in that city so old,

What if Jesus, the infant, I wanted to see,
And this beggar — this poor little maid,
Had in kindness extended her hand unto me,
And I would lead me to where the child laid.

Do you think, in my pride, I'd have pushed her away?
No. I'd have thanked her for honors so rare!
And while leading me on I would meekly obey,
And not think of her rags and rough hair.

But dear School if you think I've imposed upon you
By thus bringing her in from the street,
I will tell you in kindness what I mean to do,—
Of my own, I'll myself give the treat.

Since He Has Done So Much For Me.

When trouble overtakes my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Deep in my heart would I record
The deeper sorrows of my Lord.

I'd turn to dark Gethsemane
And there my Lord's deep anguish see,
Think how he sweat as if 'twere blood,
And struggled neath his awful load.

I'd think of how his suffering
Was that he might redemption bring
To fallen earth's ungrateful throng,
His love for man so great and strong.

I'd not complain at my light woe,
Since now to him so much I owe,
But bear my burdens cheerfully
Since he has done so much for me.

1901.

I Love To Love.

I love, when my day's work is done,
To look back in review;
Because my Jesus—precious one—
Walked with me the day through.

I love each Sabbath day, at night,
To view the week that's past;
Because the Way has been so bright:
His arms have held me fast.

I love to look back o'er the year;
Its mem'ries are so sweet,
Because my Lord was always near
And I sat at his feet.

I love to look, by faith, ahead;
I love to love and trust.
Where love is there can be no dread;
Love can not die or rust.

I love to read His precious Word,
I love to sing His praise;
I love to love my risen Lord,
And feast upon his grace.

I love in service to engage;
I love to love His truth.
He loves me now in my old age;
He's loved me from my youth.

But For My Trials.

For God's assurance I'd not care
But for my trials.
I'd never go to Him in prayer
But for my trials.
I'd never bow at His dear feet
But for my trials.
His kindness would not be so sweet
But for my trials
I would be proud, I would be vain
But for my trials
I would not Heaven care to gain
But for my trials.

1903.

Sweet Sabbath Bells.

Ring on sweet bells – sweet Sabbath bells!
Ring from the old church tower;
Thy music charming anthems swell
With soul-reviving power.

Sweet bells ring on. Ring on sweet bells.
Call souls from cares away,
Thy ringing of salvation tells –
Of Sabbaths endless day.

Ring on sweet bells; an hour with Thee
In Thy blest church, Oh Lord,
Beneath thy smiles, oh let me be
Enlivened by thy Word.

1903.

Life, Death and Heaven.

This life is sweet, but what's this life?
A bitter war with sin and strife,
A journey through a wilderness,
A ship in storm in great distress,
A dreary prison full of sighs,
A scene of sorrow and surprise;
Oh mortal man,
Why craving stand
And cling to life
So full of strife
Seek thou a better life than this,
A sweet and peaceful life of bliss.

We shrink from death, but what is death?
A yielding of a fleeting breath,
A freedom from a sorrow cell,
A meeting where the angels dwell,
A journey from a wilderness
A meeting in a land of bliss;
Oh mortal man,
Let go the hand,
Take wings and fly
Beyond the sky.
Lay this earth-body 'neath the sod,
And speed thy spirit home to God.

We're seeking heaven, and what is heaven?
A rest for weary souls forgiven;
A paradise; a sweet, sweet home;
A place where God's redeemed shall come
And dwell with Jesus by and by,
Where his blood bought will never die.

There friends do meet,
And loved ones greet
To part no more;
And on that shore
Peace, joy, and freedom from all fears
Shall reign through countless age of years.
1867.

Go Scatter Seed-thoughts.

Go scatter seed-thoughts thickly on the way;
Kind, precious seeds in hearts grow sweet.
You will rejoice to see their growth some day,
Their harvest will be sure and sweet.

Go scatter precious seed-thoughts. Ever sow
O'er fields of sin where snares are thrown;
The tare-growth cannot thrive, we know;
Where seeds of love and truth are sown.

Go scatter deep in life's bright sunny slope,
And guard with Truth's eternal mace,
And cultivate in love, and faith, and hope,
And God will give it rains of grace.

Withhold thou not thy hand from sowing seed;
But cheerful cast thy grain abroad;
The reapers to the field Christ soon will lead,
And guard the harvest home to God.
1900.

Dubs and Quick's Thanksgiving.

Dub:
November's almost gone, Friend Quick,
And we have winter weather;
To think of it, it makes me sick,
With all my corn to gather.

Quick:
Well, yes! The month is passing, Dub;
But winter — I've not felt her;
For my corn's all within the crib,
My tools are under shelter.

Dub:
The forests are all brown and bare,
And pastures under snow, sir,
My cows on rations short do fare
My sheep, their starving show, sir.

Quick:
I see the forests brown and bare,
And pastures snowy cold, sir;
With my cows sheltered I don't care;
My sheep too, in the fold, sir.

Dub:
My corn is buried in the snow;
My hogs too poor for market;
We cannot live on game, you know,
That dogs do naught but bark at.

Quick:
My corn, I feed out from the store;
My hogs are fat for market;
With dogs I sport the woodland o'er—
Bring game that my dogs bark at.

Quib:
My boys ne'er go to school at all,
Because they've no good clothes, sir;
My girls, poor creatures, fret and bawl,
'Cause other girls have beaux, sir.

Quick:
My boys, at recess, play at ball,
Where at their game rehearsing;
Or with the girls they, one and all,
In cheerful romps are coursing.

Quib:
We now are near the holiday,
When some folks feast in gladness;
My Turkies vent my debts to pay:
It fills my soul with madness!

Quick:
Thanksgiving's nearing; yes I know,
I hope to feast in gladness;
For I no man a penny owe,
To drive my soul to madness.

Quib:
Friend Quick, I've this one word to add,
Now as to our Thanksgiving;
To see that day I should be glad,
And thank my God I'm living.

48.

Quick:
Our happy Autumn Festal Day,
The diligent employ
In their Thanksgiving feasts and praise,
For they God's grace enjoy.
1891.

If We Could Know Him at His Word.

If we could only see before
What God means us to be,
The helps he has for us in store,
We'd more his goodness see.

Our spirit-body if we knew,
Our home while ages roll;
If we could see our future through,
We'd serve Him mind and soul.

If we could know His tireless care,
Our mansion to complete,
We'd not begrudge an hour of prayer
And worship at his feet.

It would be better yet if we
Could take Him at His word,—
Our faithful confidence if we
Could trust our loving Lord.
1903.

Smiles.

It is easy enough for a person to smile
When his life floweth sweetly along;
But most sweet is the soul we meet once in a while
That can smile when things seem to go wrong.

'Tis but once in a while that we meet such, that's true,
For the masses are clouded with fears:
So we love to give souls all the credit that's due
Souls whose smiles can be seen through their tears.

Such hearts fears like the bubbles are soon brushed away,
For a touch and the thing is all gone.
"And the test of the heart is its troubles", they say,
But just smile and 'twon't tarry there long.

Then how blessed the soul that subdues all its gloom,
Or can smile 'neath its burden of cares;
For the busy wide world will each day give it room
And all heaven will answer its prayers.

1899.

My Saviour Needs Me.

My Saviour now has need of me
Upon the fields of sin;
And faithful, true, I'll ever be;
Though all the way I can not see
He'll let enough light in
To give each step security.

I'll leave God's sunshine on my track
For others in the way;
But never will be looking back,
Nor ever my onward steps grow slack;
But carefully obey,
And others help that courage lack.

I'll do for Him the little things
For which he gives me power;
And like the vine to oak that clings—
Like nestlings 'neath the mother's wings
I'll trust each passing hour
In Him, my Lord, my King of kings.

Though dark the road may sometimes be,
And faint his calling voice,
His smiling face I'm sure to see,
And that is infinite enough for me;
For this I will rejoice,
And labour on, dear Lord, for thee.

1901.

When I am Dying.

When I am dying swell the song
To waft my struggling soul along;
Let mourning not be given;
Let friends I love in praise break forth,
That praise may waft me from the earth
And greet me first in heaven.

Chorus: For I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His grace,
I'm going to Him sweetly trusting,
Going to Him singing praise.

Oh sing to me of heaven's love,
Of blissful day at home above,
When my last hour has come.
Sing of my Father's matchless grace,
Sing of my Saviour whose bright face
I soon shall see at home.

Chorus: For I am trusting, etc.

When I am gone from earth-friends dear
Let those I love stand round my bier,
Their hearts in gladness raise;
For Jesus has passed through the tomb
And robbed it of its awful gloom—
Let all men sing his praise.

Chorus: For I am trusting, etc.

1903.

God, The Source of Love.

There is a broad abiding love
That knows no measured bound,
As lasting as the heaven above,
With God its source is found.

Through Jesus is this love revealed
To man in sin's dark night,
And by his death this love was sealed,
And man brought to the light.

Lord fill my heart with love from Thee
That Thy bright ray may know,
And let it shine on me from me
In constant, peaceful glow.

1902.

Saying Prayers.

Some children shoot arrows on purpose to hear them,
And never as much do they look where they light;
But my repenting arrows will carefully choose them,
And never allow them to drop out of sight.

The carnally minded when saying their prayers
Think not of the Father to whom they're directed.
But Christians will carefully turn from their cares
And pray for just what they have fully expected.

1898.

Authors on Immortality.

"The voice of nature loudly cries
That something in us never dies:" – 1.
"An inbred essence from on high
A heaven-lit spark that cannot die:" – 2.
"And art thou so to thy soul so blind
That thou wilt "walk with God," not see: – 3
"For if our substance be indeed divine
We will not –" cannot – "cease to be: – 4
"Death and love are two wings given
Which bears man up from earth to heaven:" – 5.

"Cold in the dust this heart may lie,
But that which warmed cannot die:" – 6.
"Hearts are but dust, heart's loves remain
And hearts love will meet thee again:" – 7.
"Earth's highest station ends in "Here He lies,"
Faith lights us through the dark to Deity:" – 8.
"On golden pinnage, to mount the highest skies:" – 9.
"We cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee:" – 10.
"O'er there we shall meet more we know
Than we can ever meet below:" – 11.

"Oh what is death! 'Tis lifes best shore,
Where vanities are vain no more:" – 12.
"Blessed hope! of all the ills that men endure,
The only cheap and perfect cure:" – 13.
"Death is another life. We bow our head
At going out and think we enter straight:" – 14.
"Thy dear one sleepeth; think not that he is dead:" – 15.
"O love divine! I can but stand and wait:" – 16.

"My bark is wafted on the strand
And on the helm there rests a hand:"—17.

"'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight in faith to muse:—18.
"Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear:"—19.
"In vain we stretch our hands to catch their hand:"—20
And this informs me I shall never die:"—21.
"My home is in heaven, that beautiful land:"—22.
"Where treasures waits me in the far off sky:"—23.
"So I say, trusting," (Fear no ill.)
And trusting to the end hold still:"—24.

1897.

No. 1, Robert Burns; 2, Mr. B. Dodge; 3, Shakespear; 4, Milton; 5, Mr. Angelo; 6, Campbell; 7, R. W. Emmerson; 8, Young; 9, E. Spencer; 10, J. F. Eikendorf; 11, J. W. Faber; 12, Scarbold; 13, Cowley; 14, P. J. Bailey; 15, P. Goodwin; 16, J. A. Dorr; 17, Henry Alfred; 18, John Kebel; 19, Whittier; 20, Longfellow; 21, Addington; 22, Anon; 23, Adams; 24, J. Strunk.

The Kernel of the Nut.

He'd gold in hand and nothing lacking—
He'd all things, so he said, but sure
No worldly treasure is secure:
The kernel of the nut if lacking,
He had the husk and nothing more,
And he, as Lazarus was poor.

1904.

Lessons From the Tombs.

I sauntered away in the park of the dead,
And passing from tomb unto tomb there I read
Names carved upon marble and pillars of stone,
In search of old friends and of people I'd known.

The first was a statesman whose name here I see,
The pride of his countrymen truly was he;
But standing above him my envy all dies,
When now I see only how humble he lies.

And here a once beautiful fashion-swell maid
Is moulding'ring to dust 'neath the clods in the shade;
Her pride I remember, and this when I see,
My vanity quickly is driven from me.

A grief stricken mother I next chanced to meet,
Her child lies beneath a fresh mound at her feet;
My heart melts with sympathy, proud though I be,
When I the young mother's deep sorrow must see.

But here lies a garland in token of love,
And "Mother," is all that is written above,
And now I see Love is the bridge that hath span'd
The grave, and it's guarded by Heaven's right hand.

1897.

My Bible.

If I lack faith — my way grows dark,
I search my Bible through,
It kindles fresh the flickering spark
As nothing else can do.

If I am weary — things go wrong,
I'll read the book of Psalms,
That it may fill my life with song
And rest me in sweet calms.

If I should courage lack, and hope,
Along my life's rough way,
I'll read the good old book of Job, —
Its lessons I'll obey.

If I lack trust and confidence
In God's protecting care,
In Israel's deliverance
I'll be encouraged there.

If it is love my soul doth crave,
I read of Christ's deep zeal,
His ardent love and how He gave
His life my woes to heal.

My Bible — Book of books to me.
My God's own spoken word,
It lights my path that I may see
My Joy, my home, my Lord.

1900.

Life.

Dream not that life is fleeting,
Think not its end must be,
For life is onward beating,
Through God's eternity.

Life in the noble hearted,
Life in the unknown grave,
Life in the souls departed,
Life is an endless wave.

Life in the earth beneath us,
Life in the rose, the tree,
Life in the clouds above us,
Life in the deep blue sea.

Life in the lightning flashes,
Life in the storm's dark blast,
Life in the smoke and ashes,
Life in the sunbeams cast.

Life in the snow flake teaming,
Life in the frost and dew;
Death is but life that's dreaming
Of better life in view.

1897.

The Fairest Queen.

Son, knowest thou the fairest queen
That dwells upon the earth?
Hast thou her lovely beauty seen—
Considered well her worth?

Hast thou considered how she yearns
For a response from thee?
How pure the fire of love that burns
In endless constancy?

Hast heard the music of her voice?
Or sat beneath her smiles?
If not thou knowest naught of joys,
Nor touch of true love's wiles.

Hast thou knelt by her all alone
And pled her sweet embrace?
Hast asked her to be all thine own,
To bless thee all thy days?

And knowest thou this fair queen's name,—
The fairest ever known?
'Tis Christian Grace; from heaven she came
She seeks to be thine own.

1904.

Down Hill in the Devils Own Scoop.

If I wanted, the devil, his sides sure to split
I'd just live the vain life of a hypocrite;
If I wanted to be a most wretched old dupe
I'd just slide down the hill in the devils own scoop;
If I wanted my life sure to end in defeat
I just varnish the scoop with bright shining deceipt;
If I wanted to please the old devil more still
I would drag a companion with me down the hill.

1900

Convertion.

Convinced of sins and sad at heart
I felt my sore distrare,
I sought to yield to wisdoms way,
And often bowed in prayer.

Combating with my own poor strength
Against the power of sin;
I struggled long without relief
From darkening gloom within.

Condemned I knew I was undone,
But <u>will</u> was hard to yield,
And sorrow, and my wish to do
Served not my soul to heal.

Through restless nights and gloomy days
I'd still on self depend,
And deeper still I sank in gloom
Unto the very end.

I called my Saviour's help at last,
And sought his blest abode,
He led me in the shining way
And stripped me of my load.

A stream of light then fell upon
The way so dark before;
I saw and followed in the way,
Through mercy's open door.

My doubts and fears were all dispelled,
And doubtings came no more,
My soul set free from sin's strong chain,
And gloomy fears were o'er.
Nov. 1896.

Welcome Song.

June: God be with you till we meet again.

'Tis so sweet, dear friends, to meet again,
To our homes we bid you welcome;
Once again a happy welcome;
Pray God bless you while we greet again,
While we greet and repeat
The old songs of youth so sweet,
In our homes, oh, the street,
May God bless you while we greet again.

May the joys of childhood come again,
May the scenes of youth revive you,
While the old homestead invites you,
May the bliss of youth be yours again.
Friendship's bond ever sure;
While life lasts may it endure.
Make it strong; make it sure,
May God keep you till we meet again
1895.

With Praise to Thee O God.

When first the [illegible] of morning light
Breaks in [illegible] skies,
With stars [illegible] clear and bright,
To heaven [illegible] my eyes
In [illegible] God.

When [illegible] in the sky,
And [illegible] showers,
When spring [illegible] passing by
With [illegible] and flowers
I'll praise [illegible] oh God.

When evening shades are drawing nigh,
And harvest time has come,
I'll watch the [illegible] passing by,
And help the harvest home
With praise to thee oh God.

When cold the sun is setting low
Behind the western wave;
When flowers fade and north winds blow
I'll look into the grave
And still I'll praise my God.

When night has spread her icy wing
And filled the earth with gloom,
When all mankind from slave to king
Are sleeping in the tomb.
I'll sleep in Thee, oh God.

When all have met on judgement shore
In that eventful day,
When high and low and rich and poor
Thy Trumpet calls obey,
I'll rise to Thee, oh God.

Dec. 25. 1875.

Education.

I've seen of learned fools sometimes ten
Of learned wise a hundred men;
But that don't prove the learned fool
Quite equal to the wise in school;
And I've observed that ignorance
Sometimes makes fools of men of sense,
Since I have found that this is true
I'd school the wise and foolish too.

1885.

Under Grace.

I love to seek a silent hour
When all the skies are fair,
Among the stars to trace God's power,
And note his presence there,—
With him alone his goodness own.

I see God's face in gathering clouds,
And in the lightning's flash,
His breath doth move the veiling shrouds,
His voice the thunder's crash,—
Yet, I'd not fear, for He is near.

I'd love to stand on mountain peak
That lifts its head to heaven,
For there I'd hear my Father speak
Words like to Moses given,—
But now I know He stoopeth low.

I love to see the clean, new snow
That spotless clothes the plain,
May I such spotless cleansing know,
His approbation gain,—
I feel, this hour, His cleansing power.

All nature knows His guiding voice
That speaks in matchless love,
May I in him forever rejoice,
Meet him in peace above,—
Safe by his side forever abide.

1901.

Yesterday and Today.

I, yesterday, saw a young man in his pride
  Sit boasting of wealth in his lavish array,
Today, I was called to that same young man's side,
  To pray for his soul while it quitted the clay.

I, yesterday, saw this young man at a feast,
  There boasting of wealth and his earthly great store,
Today his young heart its proud throbbings did cease,
  And men his vain boastings will hear never more.

He, yesterday, scorned the poor man and his food,
  His own was too common to quiet his wish,
Today the poor mortal in death is subdued,—
  And he is, himself, for the fleshworms a dish.

He, yesterday, courted proud passions esteem,
  And sought out the rich and the arrogant wise,—
Today his own life has gone out like a dream,
  And humble he now with the beggar low lies.

He, yesterday, viewed his great mansion stone gray,
  Complained that by far it was mean and too small,—
Today he lies buried beneath the cold clay
  And owns on the earth not a mansion at all.

He, yesterday, servants had; and from his gate
  His coach steeds sped proudly across the broad vale,—
Today with bowed heads the few servants that wait
  Are pallmen and horses in livery pale.

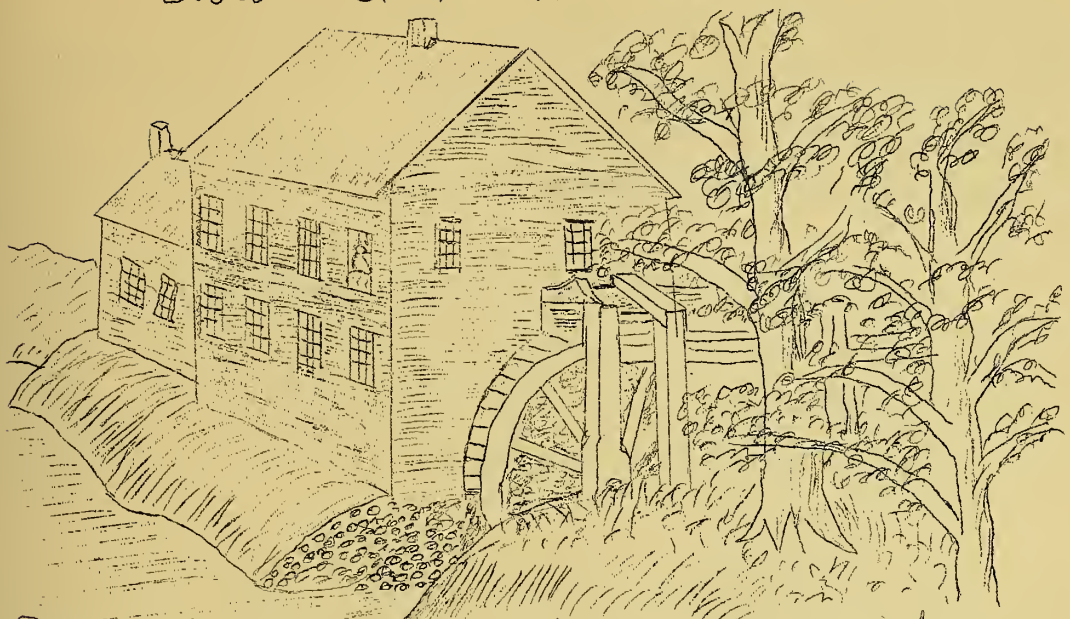
He yesterday, feared neither man nor his God.
But promised himself a prolonged and great life,—
Today he is moulder'ring beneath the cold clod,
And never is missed in the earth's busy strife.
1897.

Keep Thy Trust in God.

Do gathering clouds distress and dim thy sight,
A veil of darkness o'er thee lower,
Is there within thy soul no ray of light
To guide thee to some better shore?
There's one that's able thee to lead the way,
Thy paths before by thee untrod.
Safe wilt thou reach the realms of endless day,
If thou wilt keep thy trust in God.

At rest in Him thy heart wilt ever be strong
To sing mid tempests storm and shock,
Let his unfailing love be ever thy song,
His grace thy feet's abiding rock.
Thy work all done; thou safe upon the shore,
With grateful lips wilt love to tell
The story of redemption o'er and o'er,—
Praise God who hath done all things well.
1899.

Down On the Whitewater.



Down Whitewater River betwixt the green hills,
Where once we have heard the deep hum of the mills—
Down where the two rivers join heart unto heart,
How fitly there love that is enduring should start!

The beautiful hills lift their heads on each side,
Like bashful men hoping to win them a bride;
They paint and they prink and each day don their best,
In hope, as it seemed, each might rival the rest.

Betwixt those green hills long the river's deep way
Were many log cabins in pioneer day,
And people were happy and peacefully free,
As pioneers always were sure them to be.

One evening in springtime, the loveliest seen,
When hills and deep vallies were clothed in new green,
A youth, proud, appeared on an eastern hill high,
Looked wistfully down to the paper-mill nigh.

He saw the great mill-wheel turn round and around,
And heard the machinery's deep rumbling sound,
The youth and the mill and the village were new
With diligent purpose their labours to do.

Young Brookville was then in her bustling strife,
The people all active and stirring with life;
The streets with their traders, a jostling throng;
Approaching roads streaming with wagon-trains long.

He saw the canal with its burden of freight,
That farmers and traders so anxious await,
The valley with cabins, a garden of love,
Where smiles of Jehovah stream down from above.

The young man was happy, his mind well at ease—
Prosperity's sure the industrious to please—
And birds in the spell their sweet anthems did sing;
They too, were so glad in their welcome of spring.

And preciously sweet was the fragrance of bloom,
Neath lofty green maples that upward did loom;
While nectar's best odor in waves lad the air;
God's storehouse of wealth seemed to open up there.

He saw 'cross the valley half hid in the trees
A curl of warm smoke float away on the breeze.
He knew at the hearth whence came that warm curl,
That evening he'd woo his dear paper-mill girl.

Even now as he stood there above the great mill,
He felt that his Bonny was watching the hill;
The close of the day o'er the valley had come,
And he had been waiting to escort her home.

× × × × × × × × × × × ×

Again in that place, now quite feeble and old,
The very same man stood there shivering, cold.
He thought of the joys of that long ago day
When courting his Bonny lass over the way.

But many years flight hath wrought wonderful change;
And things all about him seemed sadly so strange.
He wept as he viewed the old valley below;
So barren and cold and all covered with snow.

He, sighing, looked down and there saw the old mill;
The water-wheel mossy grown, decayed and so still.
Great icicles hung where the water dripped down
From aqueduct leaky, so high above ground.

Across the low valley the clump of bare trees,
But there was no smoke to float on the cold breeze.
The cabin was gone and its ashes now strowed
To mark the dear spot where his Bonny lie wooed.

His eyes turned away to the churchyard now bright
With sparkling deep snow and carved marble, pure white.
Beneath the cold snow in a lowly cold tomb
Now sleeps the dear form of his precious fair bloom.

His bride—His beloved of fifty bright years;
His trustful companion in joy and in fears;
His treasure there sleeping beneath the snow lies;
While he, all alone, stood with tear-blinded eyes.

But hush, for he raised his low drooping hoar head:
"Thank God she's not under the snow," glad he said,
And smiling he dried his dim, tear-clouded eyes
And trustful he turned his bright face to the skies.

And standing alone there above the old mill
He knew that his Bonny was watching the hill;
For nearly the close of the day now had come,
And she was awaiting to escort him home.

1889.

Blessings of Affliction.

Every stroke of sorrow—
Strengthens for tomorrow;
Like storm-clouds that pour out the rain.
Showers, sorrows and gloom
Sweetens sunshine and bloom,
And gladdens the harvest of grain.

Hopes That Fade Away.

What happiness can this life give,
What promise of soul's ease,
What hope in endless bliss to live,
When pain on earth shall cease?

Can earth defend when in distress,
Speak peace to troubled soul,
Hath it the power sad hearts to bless,
Our broken ties make whole?

Can earth wipe tears from weeping eyes,
Establish sliding feet,
Can it relieve the heartache sighs,
Or love that is strong and sweet?

Can earth our passing joys prolong,
Or multiply our days,
Tune hearts to sing in gladsome song,
Sweet, peaceful melodies?

Can earth redeem a soul from death,
Or keep for us a friend,
Make soft our bed, and ease our breath
When mortal life must end?

Can earth to dying sinners bring
A hope of better day,
If not then why do men still cling
To hopes ~~hopes~~ that fade away?

1899.

Peace.

There is a peace in prayers denied,
As well as prayers we had fulfilled;
A rest in wants unsatisfied,
When knowing God the best hath willed.

There's peace within the trusting heart,
When friends are called from us away.
Regretful strife can have no part
When Jesus with us dwells each day.

In peace and trust souls are renewed,
Not in vain lusts our freaks to see;
No peace could over Eden brood,
But peace did crown Gethsemane.

1898.

Kindness.

If I can speak a word to cheer thy way
Across lifes fitful stormy sea,
If in thy heart I can thy fears allay
I'll earnest pray and plead for thee.

A Prayer.

My Father, loving, kind thou art;
Enlarge my life and make me pure,
That I may know Thy loving heart,
And feel myself in Thee made sure.

Give me, dear Father, now I pray,
A holy pentecostal shower;
Help me to love Thee and obey,
And let me feel Thy Spirit's power.

Lift me up higher, ever higher,
In faith and love and truth and light;
Make me alive with zealous fire,
To light some soul in sin's dark night.

1898.

More Calm Than Storm.

The cold clouds may be black,
And the storm beat and blast;
But when clouds have gone back,
And the storm beat is past,
Oh, how sweet then to bask
In the sunshine so warm;
And who more would ask
Since we've more calm than storm.

1908

Sonnet.

I am redeemed and saved from all my sin;
How very careful then ought I to be
To daily walk and talk, dear Lord, with Thee,
Thy constraint, smiling approbation win,
Thy Holy Spirit's presence keep within;
For if I should with any sin agree
Thy Spirit will at once depart from me,
And I, once more, a ruined life begin.
But if in humble shame I'll quick amend.
Repenting for my willful folly's shame,
In mercy, Lord, Thou wilt in tender love
Thy Spirit's presence freely give again.
Then looking back I'll see the way I came,
Twice through the Blood to bliss above.

1908.

Kind Words.

Kind words are the sweetest of flowers
That bloom in this vale of deep sorrow,
Like sunshine that follows dark showers
Sad souls a new gladness soon borrows.

Love.

True love is not a trivial plight;
A troth for sunny weather;
A ship that sails when skies are bright;
A walk in flowers together.

Love holds, no matter though we tread
On thorny paths of sorrow
Through vallies dark among the dead,
Or deeper gloom tomorrow.

Love looks beyond the stormy skies,
And feels its heart drawn nearer;
It binds the souls when sorrows rise,
Each to the other dearer.

1889.

Knowledge.

True knowledge will take up the sword by the hilt
And wielding it conquer whatever he will.
But ignorance graspeth it by the keen blade
And feels the sharp sting of the wound it hath made.

The Swan and the Crane.

One day a Crane did meet a Swan,
A beauty pure and white;
'Twas early at the morning's dawn,
The sun was just in sight.

"From whence?" said Crane, "Where is thy home,
Thou fairy god of bliss,
For such a creature ne'er could come
From such a world as this?"

"I come from Heaven," said the Swan,
"A city of pure gold
Where pipes the oriole anon,
And beauty ne'er grows old.

"Clear streams of life are flowing there,
With healing waters pure;
And Trees with blossoms ever fair,
And leaves the nations cure."

"Thy home is fair," the Crane replied,
But this one question more,
Do snails in plenty there abide
Along the river shore?"

"Snails!" cried the Swan in wonderment;
"Snails! No! No sluggards, vile
To our pure shores were ever sent,
Our waters to defile."

"Then," said the Crane dipping his bill
Into the slimy swales,
"You may have heaven if you will,
But I will take the snails.

1897.

Duty.

Whenever before me I see a plain duty,
I'll try to embrace it with steady strong hand;
And present Time I will not rob of its beauty,
By fretting, or dreading my duty's demand.

When duty is done, though it's been sore depressing,
I'll spoil not the present rehearsing the past;
I'll let it rest there and go forward still blessing
And helping my brothers disheartened – downcast.

1901.

Resurrection Morning.

Twice had the sun in gloom gone down
Beyond Judea's plain;
And silence painfully profound
At the sepulchre reigned.

The dreary hours tardy seemed
To guards upon their post,
Their burnished spears and helmets gleamed
Like moonlight's flickering ghosts.

Christ's enemies had sought their rest,
Their dark day's work was done;
They had rejoiced at their success,
And thought their victory won.

And Christ's best friends despondently
Had to their homes gone hence,
While hosts of angels solemnly
Wait anxious in suspense.

A holy angel came from God,
The guards yet stationed 'round,
They shrank as from a lifted rod
And fell upon the ground.

His countenance like lightning shown;
His raiment dazzling white;
He rolled away the sealed gravestone,
And sat upon the right.

But who is this I now do see
Out coming from the tomb,
In garments dyed he's walking free,
Away he bears death's gloom?

The Prince of Glory! - 'Tis Thy own -
It is Thy Son oh God!
The winepress he has trod alone,
His raiments stained with blood.

Dear Christian, He's thy risen Lord,
Thy best friend from above
He brings salvation. Hear his word:
He died He lives. He loves.
1897.

Bear Thy Burdens.

Nor lay thy ills to thy low birth,
Or want of proper training,
Surroundings, nor thy luck on earth
Of hardships sore complaining.

Thy God for thee has heavens plan;
He knoweth what is best,
Then bear thy burdens like a man.
And God will do the rest.
At Colorado Springs, Colo. Oct., 1907.

Unclassed Thoughts

He who would claim a place in fame
Must climb the ladder round by round;
Man came to earth weak at his birth,
In weakness he goes to the ground.

Whom God would own dwells much alone
In prayer for wisdom, peace and power;
Vain favor sought brings men to naught,
And all the world to such will sower.

Society will smile on thee
While thou art not in need of friends;
But when thou'lt see adversity
Thy standing with the proud will end.

"A friend in need is a friend in deed,"
Then make thy friends where friends are true.
You can depend upon a friend
For what you are who loveth you.

Be what you are, but better far
Be honest, upright, true to trust;
Such God will bless with happiness
And give true friends among the just.

When God has frowned his love is found
To be his object, end and care;
With him alone he will make known
His love in answer to your prayer.

1905.

Born Again.

When I was lost in sin's dark night,
Had wandered far away,
Was blind perceiving not the light
Of God's eternal day,
I saw a shadow and a cloud,
A ghost that groped in gloom,
And then I saw a fleecy shroud
To wrap me for my tomb.
I died, and then was born again
The shady cloud was gone;
My eyes were opened, brightly then
I saw Salvation dawn.

1894.

Unimproved Talents.

My talents, if kept unimproved,
My Saviour's sweet grace unclaimed,
Will dwarf me and make me unloved;
Of self I'll be always ashamed.

Hearts Form Faces.

If we could only know the truth
That hearts must form the face,
We all would strive in early youth
To own fair beauty's grace.

And this is true: our mortal eyes
Are windows to the soul;
This is not all: behind them lies
The thoughts men see unroll.

A happy soul will live within
Where windows open wide,
For joy and sunshine are akin,
And no dark spots abide.

But grief will half the windows close;
By sin the curtain's drawn,
And men outside our heart well knows
Though we speak not, nor frown.

And hate, and anger marks the face
And eyes with demon fire;
Such passions held will soon displace
Love's grace for fiendish ire.

And all our passions sure will mould
Their likeness in the face
All evil thoughts that we may hold
Will mar fair beauty's grace.

1893.

Fleeing From Sin.

I'll pitch my tent in the wild wood,
Close by some peaceful stream;
I'll make my home where man ne'er trod,
There I may rest and dream.

Or far upon some mountain high,
Or in some rock-walled dell,
Where Satan ~~may~~ may not tempt nor try,
I'll pitch my tent and dwell.

Or in some lonely hermit glade
I may from sin be free;
Temptations here make me afraid,
Is there no hope for me?

What whispered words are these I hear?
"Why to the mountains flee,
For Jesus brings salvation near;
In Him is victory."

Written on Destitute Mountain near the Camps of soldiers at Huntsville Ala. in March 1865.

Unguarded Moments.

If bitterness steals in thy heart
Unguarded in the busy day
Then bid it from thee soon depart,
Before the sunlight fades away.

Colorado Springs. 1904.

Xen Perdo's Vision.

1. One eve sat Xen Perdo alone,
In meditation sadly grave.
As he, of late, had oft been prone,
Religious fears (though he'd not own)
Had chafed his heart before so brave.
So deep had his convictions grown
That fears he ne'er before had known
Now made him cringe like beaten slave
Till in distress he could but moan.

2. He turned to books and there did read,
That he, of light, might catch one gleam
In this man's rising that man's creed;
But finding not his soul's sad need
He mused, while doubts and darkness teem
In graver plight his soul to speed
Till he from wakefulness was freed,
And in the power of vivid dream
Came lessons he'd done well to heed.

3. He stood, a youth in giddy thought,
Beside a swiftly ebbing sea.
The Solas was to mooring brought,
He cried, "Captain, I feel I ought
With thee to sail," and, full of glee,
He there received the passport sought.
The great ship's sails the breezes caught
And sped away o'er waters free
For lands, he hoped, with pleasure fraught.

4 They sailed and heard the wavelets' song,
While sailing on the ebbing tide;
And free from care they sped along.
He dreamed not that he might go wrong,
Nor cared, while ease and pleasure bide.
In reckless trust he was quite strong
Until he saw a gathered throng
Of people on the other side
And heard the great assembly gong.

5. "Do churches in that country be?"
Unto the Captain now he cried.
"Do creeds and isms there sport free
To vex, perplex and torment me,
While I in that strange land abide?
Do people bow upon the knee
And pray as if a God would see,
Or half dream from their fears to hide?
With such folk I can not agree.

"Hark, Ken Pardo!" spake Captain, low,
"Look thou ahead, we're nearing land —
We're at the isle Desidero.
Be brave and fear thou not to go
With her who waits thee on the strand.
Thou shalt me leave: it must be so
Thy friend Conviction — she I know,
If thou wilt trust her guiding hand —
Will lead thee where fair breezes blow."

7. "What! She of whom it hath been taught
In churches in my native land!
To flee from her this voyage I've sought;
Against her long and strong I've fought.
Nay! I'll not trust her guiding hand,
Though I be swift to judgement brought!
By church-folks I will not be caught!
With thee I'll sail on Solace grand,
And pass this island as I ought.

8. "I'll speed away to Pleasure-land,
And there I'll spend my youth in sports,
In songs, and dance, and fassions, grand;
Where I shall with the gentry stand,
And gain admission to the courts
Of fame. Great honors I'll command,
And wealth in gold I'll have in hand:
These are my hopes — my office forts.
Conviction all my hopes would strand."

9. "Consistency, thou art a prize
When viewed by any critic's rule,
And thou, dear Ken, art only wise
In thy own narrow, captious eyes;
Yet thou wouldst show thyself a fool.
Wilt thou Conviction yet despise,
While thy best self deadlying lies?
Thy vanity is Satan's tool
To cheat thee out of Paradise.

10. "This further truth thou shalt well know,
That more than once thou canst not cross
This ebbing sea where waters flow
The way that all mankind must go;
And know thou this that God's fixed laws
Hath made it pain for man below
To hope to pass Decidero.
Know'st thou not Him, the great First-cause?
Can'st thou trust Him who made things so?"

11. "Thy teachings, Captain, I despise,
Yet thou hast brought me safely o'er.
I hope this journey may prove wise,
Since safe in harbor Salas lies;
But fearful I shall go on shore,
Like one beneath uncertain skies.
Conviction hath but hooded eyes,
To lead me in distresses sore;
But I, myself, will win my prize!"

12. He parted with the Captain's hand
To walk alone from Option Bay;
And as he journeyed up the strand
He heard the murmuring low, yet grand,
Where laughing waters tempting play.
But now what strange and drifting sand!
Against its flowing he must stand.
Earth seemed as slipping fast away
Like Apparitions Spectre-land.

13. "Dear Xen Perdo, pray follow me,
I'll lead thee past to heavens port."
"Away Conviction. Let me be.
I hate thee; as thou mayest see,
Why dost thou still my favor court!?
I'll be a man, forever free,
Nor will I e'er be bound by thee
I'll storm alone life's glory fort,
And win my own soul's destiny."

14. "Wouldst thou with slow Erasmus be,
A man of worldly wisdom true
And yet a coward; like as he
Drippidly o'er lifes ebbing sea,
Without a haven in thy view;
A man of good ability
And yet from thy best light wouldst flee;
Afraid to dare to be, to do,
Lest worldly pleasures frown on thee.

15. Or wouldst thou be like Zwingle's band,
With indecision and delay,
Through thou couldst well possess the land
Too slothful thou to take a stand.
Like him who saw upon a day
Sure conflict at his tardy hand,
The enemy in phalanx grand.
Unarmed he entered the affray
to meet the foe and kiss the sand.

16. "A Luther, rather like as he
Say, 'Armed I here do take a stand
And though each tile a devil,
I'll go to Worms and faithfully
Take God's sword in my strong right hand
And for his truth strike bold and free.'
Thou best die striving loyally
To be, to do, to understand
Than live thy own downfall to see."

17. Cried Xen Perdo, "I seek a land
Where men would rear a monument
To memory of the manly man
Who'd independent dare to stand;
Who would not yield, nor give consent
To vain religion, frenzy fanned,
By preachers guile and creedly band;—
Men in their own free will content
Whose guide is reason, sure and grand."

18. "If thou wouldst have a monument
Erected to thy memory,
A Wycliffe be, thy life all spent
For truth and its amolument;
And though like his, thy bones should be
Torn from their grave, their casket rent,
Thy body burned, its ashes sent
On waters swift down to the sea,
Yet failure thou shalt ne'er repent.

19. "And graven deep in memory's room
For all who pay the Time man's price,
Are many names like Prague's Jerome
Who Jesus preached, abroad — at home —
Made war against all forms of vice,
Nor feared the Pope, nor dungeon's gloom,
Nor yet an unmarked early tomb,
Nor heavy chains that bound him twice,
Nor shrank a martyr's burning doom."

20. "Away! Away! I will not hear!
Thy pleadings like a warning knell
Come thundering in my careworn ear,
To blight my hopes and bring me fear!
Aye, sometimes pierced with pangs of hell
I know not but some doom is near,
But leave me till some future year;
Yes, leave me! Leave me, yet a spell,
In revelries I hold so dear!"

21. Perdo sped on, date after date,
But found no bliss that would abide;
He deeper sank in sands of fate,
And he himself did often hate,
Since from his fears he could not hide.
He found no rest in pleasure's gate,
Nor doth contentment him await,
But sore distress from every side
Oft crushed him neath his burdens great,

22. Oft gathering clouds shut out all light,
And fearful storms swept o'er his soul;
He clung to Self with all his might,
Yet feared that he'd not do the right,
Nor find his long expected goal.
The past like ghosts of giant height,
Came grimly in his clouded sight,
And crushing peals of thunder roll
Up from the deep abyss of night.

23 And now he passed a searchlight's gleam.
He caught a glimpse, would not see more
Of haughty self in x-ray's beam.
He hastened past the searching gleam,
Lest cherished pride he must give o'er
He moaned, "Things are not what they seem,"
But life with dire deceptions teemt;
From old age back to youth's fair shore
I've found life's voyage a ghostly dream.

24. "Dear Ken Pardo," Conviction cried,
"Remember now thyself so mean;
How shame would not let thee abide
In x-ray's search, but thou wouldst hide
Thyself lest thou and men had seen
The wretch thou art. Come, hear thy guide!
Take courage, Faith stands near thy side;
And call thou Hope from valley green,
That she may be thy cherished bride.

25 "Come, trust thy friends: we faithful three,
And thou shalt yet thy heaven gain.
Conviction, Faith and Hope shall be
Thy Type of Blessed Trinity;
Thy helpers o'er this surging main.
Come, step by step we're leading thee;
Soon thou thy glory light shalt see,
If thou wilt all thy powers strain
To trust thy helpers loyally.

26 "'Tis true that thou art growing old-
That thou hast wasted many years;
'Tis true that Faith is hard to hold
By one whose heart is very cold,
And frostbound by thy folly's fears.
In youth thy heart in trust was bold;
If thou hadst chosen then pure gold,
Thou hadst not known this life of tears;
But thou mayst enter yet the Fold.

27. "Come, choose God's everlasting Word—
His Word-of-truth, Salvation's seal;
Choose, while its warmth thy soul hath stirred;
Come, take the Gift so long deferred,
And let it be thy present Weal.
Come hear the songs that heaven heard;
Come now, and let the angels gird
Thee with God's pledge thy woes to heal
And make thy heart light as a bird.

28. He now drew near to Circis Pier,
Saw ship with emblematic name;
Ops Ipse-fecit anchored near –
To sail he thought would end his fear,
So to her gate he boldly came;
But now what singing did he hear,
A trill of pathos, solemn, clear;
Conviction joined to sing the same,
But Faith and Hope dropped to the rear.

29. In song he heard this message blend:
"Thou, Xen Perdo, in life hast failed.
These millions God's ways sought to mend;
In wretched woe they've reached this end;
Earths greatest men we here have hailed;
Kings, queens and nobles this way tend;
Like Zeresh who'd her spouse defend
So on her sure failure sad bewailed:
In her own self she did depend.

30 Though proud and stiff was Haman's knee,
He hanged on his own gallows high;
And others, here, thou mayest see;
Of greater men by far than he;
Yet they in wretched shame did die
In wicked infidelity.
Would'st thou with these a rebel be;
Thy Saviours love for thee deny,
Till lost in God's eternity.

31 "Away!" proud Xen Perdo now cried.
Conviction heard and turned about.
She, who would be his faithful guide
Him gently drew apace aside.
With modest touch but purpose stout,
She said, "Thou shalt thy choice abide,
That with thy friends thou shalt not chide,
Nor yet accuse if found shut out,
Or lost upon lifes drifting tide."

32 Now standing at the ship of Doubt,
The keeper jingling his keys
Said "Xen Perdo, thou art about
To enter on the darkest route
Between the two eternities.
We've millions hailed whose hearts were stout,
And thou, like they shalt soon find out
That there's no rest — no souls fond ease
Found in the sceptic's haughty scout.

33. "If thou Elysian fields would gain,
Or if would dwell in Tempe vale,
Why follow thou Voltaire and Paine,
And others of agnostic brain?
The doubting millions here we hail;
Though worldly wisdom ~~[illegible]~~ such may gain
To think of them good men refrain.
Wouldst thou in thy lifes mission fail?
With them a sceptic proud remain?

34. "There's evidence enough and more
That he who will may truth believe.
The ignorant upon this shore
Refuse to see the truths in store.
From choice their web of doubt they weave;
From choice their excuses pore
Of doubting men that lived before.
From choice they labor to deceive
Themselves while Faith pleads at their door.

35. At Higher Criticism's gate
He next drew near with calm delight.
"We're glad to see thee though quite late;
Thy coming long did we await;
Thy honor we know shineth bright;
But now what hast thou to relate?
Dost thou the bible texts debate,
Take what seems good for thee and right,
The rest tear out, condemn and hate?"

36. "Sir, that is just what I have done;
That grand old book's a precious prize
That, sifted, I've found number one.
I hold it up to reason's sun,—
For reason safely leads the wise—
I take the good the other shun.
The many tales of fancy spun
We Higher Critics all despise,
And hope to see their course soon run.

37 "Salvation seen need, I have thought
Is from beliefs that many hold?
Which preachers through the ages taught,
That Christ upon the Cross has bought,
With his shed blood their sin-cursed soul;
They, on their knees, do think they ought
To pray until they've pardon caught,
And deep emotions o'er them roll;
A blessing, they think, prayer hath brought."

38. Come in, for long we have been here
On watch for thee this news to bring;
Come now on board. The way is clear,
No cross to take. No past to fear—
But hush! Who now are these that sing?"
Though they're unseen they're drawing near;
And Faith and Hope comes from the rear,
And unto them for help he'd cling;
He seeks their courage now, and cheer.

39. "Thou'rt drifting downward to the deep,
Fast drifting downward to the sea,
Art drifting downward in thy sleep."
Conviction cried, "Come now and peep
Into thy soul's eternity!
Thou'rt on the brink! Come vigil keep!
Come cry for help, ere lost thou weep!
Yes, lost forever thou must be
Thy bitter fruits in pain to reap."

40 The old man would not yet decide
To give up self so long so dear;
For self was yet his chosen guide,
And also his most cherished pride.
Though now he quaked with mortal fear
He lingered longing for a ride
On Higher Critic's wide,
And once again he drew quite near,
In hope he'd there his troubles hide.

41. "Poor dying soul, where tendest thou?"
It was an angel's voice that spake
From off a great new White Ship's prow;
All other vessels vanished now
And Xen Pirdo again did quake.
To hide himself he knew not how,
While streams of light from Angel's brow
His slumbering sense of guilt awake.
O'ercome, he low to earth did bow.

42 He yet despised his faithful guide
Conviction's presence hard he fought
He sought in darkness to abide,
From Angel's searching gaze to hide;
Such presence deeper torment brought.
And Faith and Hope had fled his side;
To fill, himself, in vain he tried;
He saw his life's hopes come to naught
And wept aloud from wounded pride.

3 "I am undone!" he cried, "undone!
Oh, is there now no help for me?"
Quick heaven's high and holy One
Was moved toward the suffering son;
The Angel in deep sympathy,
Said "Soul, thy life has just begun;
If Thou destruction sure wilt shun
Come now on board — From all sins flee,
With God's redeemed thy course to run."

4 In mingled pride and shame his eyes
Half o'er'd for just one moments gaze
Upon the Angel as he lies
In thought of former blasted skies,
Of vain deceits in bygone days;
These things he knew he must despise
Before he's able to arise.
He feels some warmth from Glory-rays,
And for a berth on White-Ship sighs.

5. He saw no bolted gateway there
But on the gangway stood a cross;
Except for it the way was clear;
But he to pass on board must bear
It on, and count all else but dross.
He now saw Faith and Hope draw near,
And in the Angel's smile and cheer
He felt relief but mourned his loss
And turned away in grief and fear.

46 The Angel in pure tenderness
Spake words of deepest, purest love,
Persuasive, firm and rapturous;
Pathetic and with power to bless;
Commissioned by the God above;
Delighted, yet solicitous,
Would anxious save him from distress;
With his half-yielding spirit strove
To lead him on to happiness.

47. Conviction now in whispers spake:
"Hear, Kerr Perdo, that cooing dove,
And on Love's breast thy pillow make;
Quick to her pleadings now awake;
All Heaven calls thee from above.
Come, flight with thy old friends now break,
And these three sisters to thee take;
These blessed three: Faith, Hope and Love;
Hear now their plea for thy soul's sake!"

48 He raised his doubting eyes at last,
While trembling, in shame he spake:
"I fear I'm lost! I'm sinking fast
In sands where ruined wrecks are cast;
I'd gladly on thy good Ship take
A voyage from Earth's dread stormy blast
But for the Cross. See thou it hast
Closed up the way. For mercy's sake
Remove it that I may go past."

49. "And art thou better yet than Paul?
Than Peter, Stephen, Polycarp?
For Jesus martyrs they did fall,
Were not ashamed on him to call
In pains while suffering mortal sharp.
John Bunyan, as did Bishop Hall
For mans salvation gave up all
And dying heard high heaven's harp
Which robbed death of its bitter gall.

50. "And wilt thou yet the cross despise
Since on it thy Redeemer died?
Ashamed to rest thy sin-dimmed eyes
Upon the sacred crimson dyes
That flowed for thee from His dear side.
Wouldst thou from thy lost plight arise
Come lift the cross toward the skies
And neath its glow of glory hide,
'I will give thee peace, and make thee wise.

51. The cross is there for thee to bear,
'Tis for thy soul in sin's dark night;
Confess thy guilt in humble prayer,
Thy faith in saving Grace declare,
Then Christ will make thy burdens light;
Himself will all thy sorrows share,
Be with thee always, everywhere;
Will make thy pathway firm and bright
If thou wilt Trust his love and care.

52. "What! I confess! With vile men share!
Abase myself in all men's sight!
Bow down like one in sore despair!
I pray that all men, every where,
Know I live in morals pure and right!
I bear the cross to enter there!
My need of Jesus' help declare!
Confess thyself in helpless plight
And cry aloud in humble prayer!"

53 "If Thou hadst power thyself to save
Why didst Thou fear along thy way?
If thy good works assurance gave,
If Thou wert free from doubt's dark wave,
If resting sweetly every day,
If not to sin a conscious slave,
Why mourn thy fears so sadly grave?
Why not thy own deep fears allay
And peaceful rest with heaven's brave?"

54. While yet he drove to dwell in lure
He cried, "Will God hear man's request?
Will my poor prayer for me secure
His special care? Nay! He that's pure
Left man in toil to seek his rest
But all, at last, are made quite sure
Since Christ for all did death endure,
And all mankind in him is blest.
Will my poor prayer make His word true?"

55. "In school where hast thou been so taught
That thou canst place thy God in bound?
From whence hast thou this wisdom sought
That thou didst take it to thy thought
To change God's word by tearing down
And building up? Why think thou ought
Not now to be to judgment brought
To see if wise thou shalt be found,
Since judging God thou hast been caught?

56. "True God doth not his purpose mend
When he his children's prayers have heard,
But when thou wilt his will attend—
If on his blessings wilt depend,
As it is written in his Word
The blessings which on thee descend
Were for thee ere thou wert his friend.
If faith in God thy heart hath stirred
Put forth thy prayer and grasp the end.

57. Poor Xerxes Perdo, so near the goal,
Would not give up his self-will sweet;
The haughtiness of his proud soul
Held him in ruins strong control.
He now resolved no more to meet
With Christian friends, clergy nor old,
He sped away while death-bells toll,
And left to self his course was fleet;
His proud ambition madly bold.

58. In far Sahara's desert he
An oasis had hope to find,
And there alone he hoped to be
For a brief season restful, free,
And there to ease his careworn mind.
But shady palms he could not see
And serpents seemed there to agree
With the simooms, their plans combined
To fix his soul in misery.

59 Then on again his feet did stray;
The great wide world he sought to bound;
From pole to pole he'd not delay
His quest for pleasure day by day,
Yet nought but disappointment found.
To prove to see his sore dismay,
He sought for new lands far away,
And the deep ocean, too, he'd sound,
Find treasures that in them might lay.

60. And now he'd mount the upper skies—
He'd fly on fitful fairy's wings,
O'er unsealed mountain peaks he flies,
Where snow's eternal mantle lies;
And on! still on! And now he sings,
"I find the things that lure my eyes
Are sometimes woes in fell disguise,
But I will strive till I can win;
Then I have won my hearts last prize."

61 And now like Bacus he mounts up
And scorns the very crest of earth,
He'd bathe in Nimbus' crystal cup,
And dews with Neptune take a sup.
He'd ride the glittering steeds of mirth,
With Od he'd sail in ethel sloop,
And ne'er again to earth would stoop.
He'd wield the sceptre of his worth,
And stars would be his loyal troop.

2. He'd sit upon a jasper throne,
And constelations to him bow;
The blazing sun would be his own;
His might the heavens should make known;
The planets to him reverence show;
He scanned the earth from zone to zone;
His mad, proud heart callousèd as bone;
His power unspent; his pride aglow,
For glory he'd now gained alone.

3. He'd seen all men kneel at his feet,
Cared naught for any man's request;
Yet felt his glory incomplete:
His power had brought to make it sweet.
His soul was yet in sore unrest,
His conquered worlds were bitter meat;
Their people, through his praise repeat,
Gave no relief from sore distress;
His hopes, he saw, must vanish fleet.

64. And now through startling solitude
Down, down, still down he fell;
He knew not where to rest he would,
Until, at last in dage he stood
Before the yawning gates of hell.
The conquering flames he knew they should
Soon feed upon his lost manhood;
Like billows of the sea they swell.
His fate — ah, now he understood.

65. He'd reached the end. His force was spent.
He's humbled now, but ah, to late.
He'd reached the home for rebels meant.
He cried, "Oh that I could repent!
But it is just! I've sealed my fate!
I spurned the Cross, from Heaven sent
To save my soul, this end prevent!
I chose my doom and now await
My righteous sentence: 'Banishment.'"

1897.

Contentment.

How happy is the man
With a contented mind;
But pity all you can,
Who no contentment finds.

If Men The Truth Could Know.

If only all men could believe
The Truth of Jesus' love,
How sore their sins and woes do grieve
The Father's heart above—
If only men the truth could know
'Twould heaven bring to earth below.

If only men could trust the word,
When Christians testify,
Of depths of joy men's hearts have stirred,
Of peace that calms their sky—
Oh could Gods love in man have birth
'Twould bring high Heaven down to earth.

If all men could but feel the thrill
Of love from Heaven's throne—
If Christian fortitude could fill
All hearts—make them God's own
Then men, in joy and praise would sing
And Christ would reign on earth as King.

1904.

Upward Looking.

If outward looking all seems ill,
And rough thy onward way,
Then upward look and faithful still
In trust God's will obey.

Nothing New.

The thoughts I here
Make new appear;
Arranged in rhymes
And music chimes,
Have, in the past,
Their beings cast;—
From Adam's day
They've passed this way.

There's nothing new;
That we may view;
Nothing that's done
Under the sun;
No thought conceived;
No skill achieved,
But had its kind
In ancient mind.

Then all I ask
Is the plain task,
My thoughts to take;
And keep awake;
Pass them along,
In prose or song,
New souls inspire
With new desire.

But here we've found
A new profound:
To me and you
Thoughts may be new:
A new desire
To climb up higher;
A new delight
In what is right.

1908.

Woman.

It seems to me when I behold
A woman's modest face,
That it's the mirror of the soul,
All pure with heaven's grace.

I can not think that there is sin
Locked up within her heart;
But thoughts to reverence akin
My own pure purpose starts.

I can't conceive of woman's will
Enticing man to sin;
Then I will try with all my skill
Her trust in me to win.

It seems to me that womankind —
If left unstained by man,
Would be to sin both dumb and blind:
Degrade her — Ah, who can?

To The Moon.

They say that cold from age thou art;
The fire of youth that used to blaze
No more can warm thy frozen heart,
Nor shed its life-glow from thy face.

Though this be true, yet now I see
No marks of discold to defile.
If thou, in truth, doth pout awhile
Thou dost conceal thy face from me,
Till able once again to smile.

And then, on this we may depend,
Though hid thy face we sometimes find,
While thou around the earth dost wind,
'Tis always turned toward thy friend.

They say that thou dost borrow light
That softly glows upon thy face;
Though this be true yet we have found
That thou withholdest not a pound,
But payest out in smiling grace,
To cheer the earth when wrapped in night.

1871

Keep In Your Place.

He who ascends the mountain peak
And duty leaves below,
In hope with angels there to speak,
Must fall in shame and woe.

Zeal For Brotherhood.

You say friendship that's lasting is joyfully sweet,
And true happiness in it, you say, is complete,
But mere friendship compared with another is mean;
By far dearer's the tie of a brother, I've seen:
A kind friend I approve, but a brother I love.

Though in lavish of riches I'd bask in delight;
Though I revil in fashions where skies are most bright,
And though every thing outward that earth can bestow
Were here lavished upon me while living below,
If a brother I'd not, I'd bemoan my sad lot.

Yes, much richer than fame, or than treasures untold,
Is the tie of a brother. Compare not with gold,
For your gold soon will vanish and fame is a toy;
They're the source of more trouble than solace or joy
With a brother I find love eternal and kind.

Give me that which is constant and that which is pure,
And what love like a brother's can trials endure
Then a brother to all men on earth I will be,
And I'll labor all men to make brothers to me.
God the Father above, bind us all in his Love.

1897.

My Country.

My Country! Thou the pride of earth!
Thou holdest all that is of worth:
Hast every soil of every clime,
And every source of wealth is thine;
Locked up within thy vast domain
Are minerals and fertile plain;
Are all the beauties; all that's grand,
That can be found in any land.
Unbounded thou shalt ever be,
Save by man's opportunity.

From broadened steppes of Muscovite,
Or from the Alps most skyward height,
Or these are but a counterpart
Of likes in my own Country's heart;
Great forests hath Bohemia,
Than these still greater here I see;
From Italy's sun-favored skies,
To snowdrifts that in Poland lies,
Like these America doth hold,
And greater if the truth were told.
And Paris with her boulevards,
Or Sicilian famed vineyards,
Or Mauna Loa's lava strand,
Or craters deep, and broad, and grand.
Or pastures of Normanda, fair,
Or river Rhine, the Germans share,
Or gold fields of South Africa,
Or lochs that in Auld Scotia lay,
Or archaeology of the East,
Or ancient Nile, or birds or beast,

Or chalk cliffs that are England pride,
All these and many more beside
Are found within our own fair land,
Where untold wealth awaits man's hand.

The endless snows of Ararat,
Where Noah's ark in hiding sat,
The wonderous glaciers of the earth,
And all that is of pride, or worth,—
All these and very many more
Are to be seen upon our shore.

Great Scolars and great men of art
True valiant men of noble heart,
All that is beautiful and grand
On any shore, in any land,—
All these are held for us in store,
To bless our home forevermore.

1893.

Folks I've Seen.

I've seen folks who had gift of speech,
Without sound gift of thought;
I've seen folks who have tried to teach,
And first should have been taught;
I've seen folks who would prophesy,
Yet knew not their own self;
I've seen folks others business try,
Their own upon the shelf.

1888.

The Poetry of Life.

You ask, Dear Son, that I shall write
To you a dreamy jingle;
But you will find life's ways more bright
Where songs and prose do mingle.

You see before you smiling lies
Youths morning vale delightful;
But look beyond, you'll see arise
The hill of age and nightfall.

But though you see life's prosy hill
And shadows that spread o'er it,
Think not to climb its steeps until
You've passed the vale before it.

And think thou not that life flows by
In dreamy rhymes and verses;
For poets streams sometimes run dry,
And dreams oft loose their forces.

There's prose in life as well as song,
And grief as well as pleasure;
Not music all to tide it on
In wafts of rest and leisure.

But catch the music and the rhymes
As they go flitting o'er you;
Catch not at shadows of the times
That stretch long days before you.

When your have had your prosy test,
And lived a life of duty;
Then your shall enter into rest
In vales of endless beauty.
1903.

Goodby My Dear.

"Goodby my Dear." My heart shall feel
The love which with a kiss I seal;
Nor let me ever grow cross or cold
As to forget when I am old,—
As to forget my cherished wife,
When vexed with toils or cares of life;
But when each morn I go away
To ardent duties of the day,
I'll whisper softly in her ear
The tender words, "Goodby my Dear."

"Goodby my Dear," I'll say it still,
These loving words with hearty will;
And when my last day's work is done,
My course on earth is almost run,
I'll stroke her hair from wrinkled brow
With fingers damp in deaths cold dew;
Her lips to mine so near the mould,
The last fond token of the soul,
And fondly whisper in her ear
My hearts last words, "Goodby my Dear."
1881.

The Raindrop and The Bee

Pray, little Raindrop, tell us why
Thou comest from the clouded sky,
And lightest round our busy home
To drive us to our empty comb?
I chide thee,— thou art doing wrong
To interrupt our working throng:
'Twill be cold winter by and by,
And we'll be left to starve and die.

Oh, little Bee, thou foolish art,
To chide with us who do our part,
To fill thy hive with honey store,
That thou may'st close thy winter door,
And feast while we are chilled and cold,
Abused and dashed by north-winds bold,
Or frozen hoard in ice or sleet,
And crushed by thousands' thoughtless feet.

Pray, little Raindrop, tell us when
Thou ever aidest us or men?
We're busy toiling day by day,
Thou comest only to delay;
We quench our thirst at yonder spring,
And honey from the blossoms bring;
O'er fields and meadows search the flowers,
Why torment us, ye little showers!

Dear little Bee, thou art unwise;
Who feeds the springs that yonder rise?
The springs would dry, there'd be no flowers,
If 'twere not for us little showers.
There'd be no harvest from the field,
And earth no more her fruit would yield.
And man and beast and bird and bee
Would perish if 'twere not for me.

Written at Strawberry Plains E. Tennessee,
March 1865.

Who Are The Harvesters?

I saw a field of bright new green,
With swaths of purple bloom between
"The harvesters — who will they be?"
My friend made answer, "We shall see."
The seed is cast — that much is done,
One harvest hath the bees begun;
I saw the reapers free and fleet,
As they stored honey treasure sweet.
I saw again, the field was brown,
Two sets of reapers had come down:
The sower of the precious seed
The landlord full of cunning greed.
The latter in diplomacy
Said, "Now to this I will agree,
With grain I'll fill my spacious maw,
And you may fill your mow with straw."

1866.

Press On.

Press on, young man; know not despair,
On stormy days nor days more fair;
Though dark and dreary be the dawn,
The day will brighten further on.

Press on, though fortune false may play;
Do thou play true from day to day.
Press on, though hopes of youth are gone,
The way will brighten further on.

Press on, in business though you fail,
Stop not your losses to bewail,
But look ahead for in anon
The way will brighten further on.

Press on, though those you trust betray,
You'll find a few friends on the way,
And if you'll trust and push along
The way will brighten further on.

Press on and let past foolishness
Make wise your future days to bless;
Though through dark Trials you have gone
The way will brighten further on.

Press on, though thy affections may
Have in the past been thrown away.
Though clouded was love's early dawn
The way will brighten further on

Press on, though scorn may hissing rise,
Before you an oasis lies.
If true to God in the armor
The way will brighten further on.
Written for his own encouragement in
Huntsville Ala. February 1865.

Blessings of Love.

There's beauty in the earth,
And all the skies are bright,
There's joys around the hearth,
If Love but dwelleth there.

There's gladness in the heart,
Where Love's warm breezes blow;
And sadness hath no part
Where true Love's fountains flow.

There's good cheer in the soul,
And happiness in life,
Where Love's sweet anthems roll,
In homes where dwells no strife.
1900.

The End of The World.

A young man at life's ladder's base
Would figure out the length of days;
He set a scholar on his pride,
The Time and Times he would divide;
He labored 'neath a shady birth,
And made a scientific search.

He ciphered till he'd fixed the day
On which the worlds must pass away.
The day now came, the worlds remain;
Then he sat down to count again:
Confessed he'd made a slight mistake,
But now he'd sure corrections make.

He failed again, and yet again,
Deceived himself and other men
But now his sum the truth hath told:
He ciphered out that he is old.
He knew the end was drawing nigh,—
The worlds remain but he must die.

"Ah now," he said, "I see the truth,
If I'd begun in early youth
To mind the rounds of usefulness
I might have lived some life to bless,
But now I mourn the wasted years,
And go down to my grave in tears.

1899.

Where Lieth My Love?

Dear Barbara, I love thee though thou art long lost;
  Forever, dear one, thou art mine.
Remember thee Barbara? How can I forget
  Since love is eternal — divine?
And Barbara, my darling, I'm longing to see
Where lieth my love? Oh where can thy grave be?

Dear Barbara, I've daily been thinking of thee,
  And through all this flight of sad years
I've kept love's dear secret locked up in my heart,
  In secret I've shed all my tears.
In secret each day I am longing to see
The grave that now hideth my darling from me.

With pity I prayed that thou happy might be —
  I prayed from the depth of my heart
That heaven's best blessings might rest upon thee,
  While thou wert of mortals a part.
And Barbara! My Barbara! still constant to thee
I'm seeking thy grave. Oh where, where can it be?

Dear Barbara, my darling, oh yes I forgive!
  Forgave thee long ere thou went dead.
Thy sin though so humbly repented by thee,
  Thou knowest we should not have wed.
But Barbara, my Barbara, I'm longing to see
Thy grave ere I die, — pray come show it to me.

I'm old now dear Barbara and thou art long dead,
Come show me the place of thy rest.
I'd kneel there beside thee in deepest of love,
And tell all I'd planned for thy breast.
Dear Barbara, the darling of youth's early day,
Come show me the mound that now holdeth thy clay.
1896.

Mary Ward

Sweet be thy bliss, dear Mary Ward,
In Jesus thou art blest;
Thy faithful labour for the Lord
Is crowned with peaceful rest.

The pure example of thy life
Still lives, though thou art gone,
To give us courage in the strife
That thou didst brave so long.

We miss thy hand-shake, and thy smile;
Thy voice in fervent prayer;
Thy coming down the old Church aisle,
For thou wert faithful there.

Be not disturbed by falling tears,
For Jesus bids thee rest;
We'll come to thee in nearby years,
Where all God's saints are blest.

Saltwell.

Do your thoughts e'er return to those hopeful old days
Of our long ago, joyful, love-making, bright times,
When you sang in your girlhood those musical lays,
And the hills at old Saltwell repeated the chimes?

Ah, so many a summer's high sun has o'er rolled,
Since together we rambled those valleys and hills,
Since in wildwoods we lingered, through orchard we strolled,
And bedecked you with flowers that bloomed long the rills.

Do your thoughts e'er go backward recalling those days -
Days so trustfully happy in youth's leafy bowers,

Do you ever once sigh for a stroll long the ways—
The return of youth's spring-time of beautiful
flowers?

Do you sigh for old times when skies were so blue,
Where the robin's song blended with cooing of
doves?
Sweeter music than this none on earth ever knew;
Fit for starting and culture of Hymen's best
loves.

In the spring-time, or summer's most length-
ened of days,
In our rambles, or seated by winter's
great fire,
Alone or in company's frolicsome ways,
Of each other's fond presence we never did tire.

Ah how pleasant the schemes we then drew
of our life;
How our skies were so full of all bliss, and
so fair;
How we dreamed not of cares in the worlds
earnest strife,
Disappointments, we planned not for such
to our share.

But we've learned since we've lived through
so many long years—
Since we've struggled so hard in the labors
of years,—
That it's best we seek not the return of youth's
cheers,
Nor to sigh for the times of youths pleasures
again.

1898.

A Hidden Treasure

A man in town that you well know,
Left parents home in hope of bliss;
O'er the wide country, to and fro,—
Vowed he would not his blessing miss,
If bliss there was for him on earth.
Nor would he ever of hope despair,
So, though he must, to foreign hearth.
What was the bliss to him so dear?
I'll tell it all; then spell it through
For in one line you'll see appear
Each word that I may show to you.

1867.

I Wish I Were A Boy.

I wish I were a barefoot boy,
I'd romp both day and night.
A girls life hath not half the joy—
It's not so free and bright.

I'd like to climb the orchard trees;
I'd swing on birches low
Rob honey of the bumblebees,
And hide in hay mow.

I'd swim and fish along the brooks,
I'd hunt the gamboling squirrels,—
Such jolly rest from school-room books
Would bliss be for us girls.

I'd chase the woodchuck with my dog,
I'd club the hornets nest,
I'd walk on stilts, and play leap-frog
And, I'd turn "summersets."

The curious I would collect,
Of minerals, nests and eggs;
Of flowers, ferns and rare insects,
And play at mumbly-pegs.

I'd go to circuses and shows,
And I'd build sailing boats,
Make jack-o-lanterns and jinx-crows,
Drive teams of mammy goats.

A barefoot boy I'd rather be,
With sunbrown face and dirt,
Than dress in silks and finery,
And paint, and primp, and flirt.

I'll tell you now what I will do;
Since boy I cannot be,
I court a bright young lad, or two,
And marry one — now see!

Boy enters:—
Ha, ha! It's you, my pretty girl—
From whence now did you come?
You've naught to do but primp and curl,
And chew-chew chewing gum?

How soft this lovely silken curl—
Say Bess, do you chew gum?
Now don't get mad, my pretty girl
Please let's make up—Bess, come.

Forgive me now and I'll be good.
Come, hear now what I say,
I'll treat you as a boy should
Give me your hand, I pray.

Girl speaks:—
I didn't mean so bad to be—
Forgive me Teddie, pray—
I'll gladly give my hand to thee
If mamma says I may.

1888.

Reciprocity.

If my true heart you only knew,—
How all day long I think of you,—
How in my love I sleep & night
I revil in love's holy light—
If you but knew how could it be
That it should fail that heart of thine
To grant me reciprocity.

I always love to hear your voice
Of all my friends make you my choice.
I long to meet you, yet with fear,
Lest cross or cold I should appear;
But if you knew, how could it be
That it should fail that heart of thine
To grant me reciprocity.

Oh, love so real! Love so true!
It would be bliss if you but knew!—
If you but knew this heart of mine—
If you could all of Truth divine—
If you could know, how could it be
That it should fail that heart of thine
To grant me reciprocity.

By request. 1903.

The Storm.

One eve in our home we were sitting;
My wife and I — She had her knitting —
She said, her palm-leaf taking,
"My head from heat is breaking;
We'll surely soon be baking.
But see that fearful storm! How frightening
The vivid, blinding, flashing, lightning."

"That comes," said I, "from God above us,
This start of breeze tells how He loves us;
Come, let us trust and wonder;
His careful goodness ponder;
Just see! What beauty yonder!
Those rolling clouds above the lightning,
Now dark, and now in grandeur brightening."

We watched its upward veering courses,
And noted its tremendous forces,
She said, "Just hear that wailing
And see those clouds up sailing
And lightnings heaven veiling; —
My love it's No! My husband surely
You'd not want me to love such fury."

"Wife come," said I, "it is our duty
To trust in presence of such beauty;
God sees all that below him,
He guards His own that know him,
Our trust now let us show him;
Let's put ourselves in his sure keeping,
And watch the storm that's o'er us sweeping."

"Oh why does God unlock such fury,
Make night so dreadful dark and dreary?
When will it stop? I wonder?
Oh! that terrific thunder!
The rain is coming yonder.
Oh my! Listen! Just hear it dashing!
Oh! Oh! That awful thunder crashing."

Hush Wife! Charge God with mad abuses?
Do not his storms have many uses?
When morning's sun is appearing,
And skies in light are clearing,
We'll see how vain our fearing:
We'll see that things have worked together
To bring us pleasant, growing weather.

"And Wife, when I see God so near me,
Can feel his presence help and cheer me,
Why should I fear and grieve him?
Why turn away and leave him;
And by distrust deceive him?
Shall we trust God in sunny weather
In storms forsake him altogether?

"Though clouds and gale twice told their fury,
Though hope of life could not assure me,
Though rocky depths were breaking,
The earth's foundations quaking,
The dead in graves awaking,
Though elements were all on fire
I'd sweetly trust and draw still nigher."

1899.

Modest Majesty.

Ships that ride lowest in the spray,
The most of commerce bear away.

On branches that bend near the ground,
The choicest, richest fruit is found.

On deepest forest shades we hear,
The nightingale's song sweet and clear.

The nest that in the low grass lies,
Sends forth the lark that highest flies.

The soul with crosses most bent down
Will, in the end, wear richest crown.

1898.

Do Not Condemn Thy Brother.

Condemn thou not thy brother's part,
For who can know another's heart?
Thou mayst enjoy the sun's warm rays,
But spare thy eyes the critic's gaze.
To count the spots upon its face
Would high from thine own vision chase.

1898.

Which Must It Be.

We've lived together many years, dear wife,
And I'm right proud of thee;
We've had our ups and downs all through our life.
My troubles have been ever thine,
And thine, dear wife, were always mine;
But as a whole I've lived a very happy life;
As happy as could be;
And thou, I trust, art happy too, dear wife.

But one thing troubles me of late, dear wife,
The same may trouble thee:
We're drawing near the end of a long life—
Brace up, now dear, that heart of thine
And listen to these words of mine,
For soon we'll know the issues of this life—
Yes, dear, some clouds must be,
And we should talk the matter o'er dear wife.

No thought of dying troubles me, dear wife,
Such will not trouble thee,
For Christians we have been all through our life.
My strength in life has come from thine
And thine has been made strong by mine;
We're, each one, looking for a better life,
Right quickly, it may be,
We'll enter our Reward of rest, dear wife.

But this is what makes me so sad, dear wife,
And it may trouble thee,
I've often thought of it since recently life:
Will I close those dear eyes of thine,

Or thy dear hands, will they close mine?
Which will be left to weep alone in life?
My dear, which must it be,
A mourning husband or a weeping wife?
1900.

The Pupil's Adieu.

I'm glad I joined this little band
Of children that around you stand,
You smile so kindly on us all
I think you love us though we're small.

We're simple children, so they say,
But we'll grow wiser every day,
If all our books we'll study through,
And love and mind our Teacher too.

But may be I had better hush,
For fear I'll say a word too much;
So now in love I'll bid adieu
To schoolmates and to Teacher too.
1892.

A Suggestion.

"Dear Husband," said wife Number Two,
"Your first wife's portrait now, I guess,
Should hold [illegible] place less conspicuous;
Remove it, Dear, I beg of you."

The husband heeded, which was wise;
And lifting it with tender hand,
Placed it at Number Two's command,
While thus he did soliloquize:—

"Thou cherished wife of days most fair,
Thy death to this community,—
To Church as well as unto me,
Has been a loss beyond repair."

"This, Husband, I'd suggest to you,
'Twould have been best for Church and me
If you had died instead of she."—
Spake softly good wife Number Two.

1906.

The School of Habit.

Thy habits are thy school of thought—
Makes what to us seems heaven-taught;
Then Thou, with care, should'st train thy mind
To be to God-ward much inclined.

Vexations.

I'm vexed, – yes I'm most sorely tried;
I know not what on earth to do;
My wife has gone to Riverside –
I tell you I'm put through.

The cow's to milk and milk to skim,
Some cooking must be done;
The cream-jar's full up to the brim,
And churning must be run.

Dear me, I see the more I do
The more is added to it;
The cleansing, sweeping, dusting too
How will I ever get through it?

I go to bed my rest to take
This only brings more labor;
For in the morn my bed's to make
Before called on by neighbor

The table set three times a day –
It's an unerring rule –
The dishes wash and put away,
And fix the boys for school.

But I've decided what I'll do,
If I should wed again;
I'll tell my wife a thing or two,
I'll fare much better then.

The scheme now in my vision whirls,
Like tops among the toys;
Next wife must give me a few girls,
Scattered among the boys.
1899.

Good Wives.

"Who were good wives in olden times?"
We once did read, but not in rhymes,
And now arrange them lest we lose
The lesson and its force abuse.

Good wives, 'twas said, are like the snail,
To keep their home they never fail;
Good wives, the snail doth likeness lack,
Their all they wear not on their back.

Good wives are like the town clock's chime,
Because they're always found on time;
Good wives are unlike town clock's bell,
For all they know they do not tell.

Good wives to echo are compared,
When spoken to they're always heard;
Good wives are not like Echo Bell,
For all they hear they do not tell.

Music.

Dear Music, why should I ever try to speak,
  Since thou dost voice my soul so well?
For my course voice is hollow, mean, and weak,
  When melodies I've tried to spell.

Words I have spoken quickly pass away,
  Like echoes in a lonely dell:
And speaking tongues, — how soon they must decay —
  How soon forgotten — brief their spell.

But Music, thou, the language of my soul,
  Dost sing eternal lullaby;
Too deep thy sentiment for words to hold,
  Too heavenly to fade and die.

1898.

Success.

Upon the crest of highest wave
  Success rides bravely on.
In adverse winds he still is brave,
  From midnight till the dawn.

Success knows never a defeat,
  Though efforts sometimes fail;
But try again, again repeat,
  Till bright winds fill the sail.

It's failure that doth courage lack,
  And fear doth stupid lie,
Success goes forward; never back,
  Nor standeth still to sigh.

The Crick.

You may say it's a creek, but I will say crick,—
You'd as well say it's sleek when you want to say slick;
The word creek, also sleek, have such squeaky mean
sound,—
But the crick's the thing loved by all boy that I've found.

There the silvery sided bright minnows do play,
And the crawdads go creeping or flipping away
And the clams there do plow in the sand bare in sight,—
Watching these are the town boy's best sport and delight.

When a freshet has come, the crick's up, oh what fun
Just see ~~how~~ how to the crickward the boys all do run!
And they standing there on an old wooden bridge view
The swift waters go whirling till heads do whirl too.

See the liquid clay covered with drift— what a lot
Of old cornstalks and rails, logs, boards and what not.
But the boys who came running so bravely from town
Soon abandon the bridge, for they fear 'twill go down.

The great freshet is past and the flood soon recants,
And the boys love to wade when they roll up their pants.
But look out for those waders oft slipping do fall,
And oh my, what great fun; They've a ducking, that's all.

But no crick ever held long a place on the roll,
Less it has for its charm a good swimming deep hole;
'Tis the boy's great delight and it's here that he plays
The whole summer time through. What care they for
dog-days?

So the crick's the one place on this great wide old earth
Where the boys find true pleasure untiring in worth;
Here they fish for shiners and goggle-eyes, too,
And for sun-fish and suckers and cats not a few.

Here they watch the kingfisher's motion so quick,
The shy sandpiper, and the dull fly-up-the-crick,
And up high in a hole in a dead sycamore,
A red headed shy woodpecker peeps out from his door.

Then they see by the water stretched out on a log,
And a stone they throw aimed at a slimey old frog.
Then a terrapin bathing near by in the sun
To the water quick follows the frog, and they're gone.

A great water-snake! — there he goes swimming away,
And his snakeship the boys don't invite long to stay.
Then a muskrat they see coming in from the field,
Quick he plunged in the water his ratship to shield.

Now their fun has an end with the end of the day,
For when night cometh on black old Nick comes to play
And aream goblins and ghosts that were all the day hid
Come out bold to dispute with the green katydid.

1903.

Sorrow

Where art thou Sorrow? Speak I pray
That I may pity show.
Down at the fount of mourning? Nay.
For peace from thence doth flow.

Not in the hut of famished poor,
For courage giveth cheer;
And not within the sick mans door,
For words of trust I hear.

Not in the cavern of regret
That seems so dark with gloom;
For God's bright angel there is met
And prayer is in that room.

Dost thou in dungeon prisons dwell?
No! Hope is with thee there;
Nor in the madmans grated cell
Where laughter we may hear.

Not in the toiler's home art thou,
For restful is his bed,
And trust sits peaceful on his brow
Who labors for his bread.

I'll in the rich mans palace seek,
With fashion's polished heir:-
Ah, hollow smile upon the cheek-
Yes, Sorrow, thou art there.

1898.

Pride.

Vain pride is but a cancer on the mind,
None but the fool will court it;
Good sense will not support it;
A saucier beggar you will never find,
Yet haughty people hoard it.

The harbinger of sure destruction see!
The good do not desire it;
They are deceived who try it;
The hated mother of mean flattery,
And devils alone gain by it.

Vain pride loves no one — nothing knows but hate,
Self-glory wins fools to it;
With shame the angels view it;
The haughty blindly draw their card of fate,
And send the soul that drew it.

But there's a Godly pride that's good and pure,
No haughtiness is in it;
In humble love begin it —
To God be glory others in him made sure —
Be proud of right and win it.

1898.

Beyond the Tomb

I looked into a narrow tomb,
And saw how dark and full of gloom;
I looked beyond the tomb's confine,
And saw a light of glory shine.

I Am Guilty, So Are You.

What! Don't believe the half I say!
I've stretched it! Well I know you're right,
And I shed barrells of tears each day—
Can't sleep a wink for it at night—
It's true, and pitty 'tis 'tis true,
But I am guilty: so are you.

Well now, the like was never known—
The hottest day I ever saw—
It rained pitchforks— clawhammers too—
It's hyperbolic is it— Pshaw!
It's true, and pitty 'tis 'tis true,
But I am guilty: so are you.

But speaking of the fun we had,
I laughed until I thought I'd die,—
Ah, don't believe it? Well, too bad.
I can't tell things straight when I try!
It's true, and pitty 'tis 'tis true,
But I am guilty: so are you.

It's true that we from early youth
Do copy follies passing by;
Thus habit makes us stretch the truth
Till it becomes a foolish lie.
It's true, and pity 'tis 'tis true,
But I am guilty, so are you.

A Silver Wedding.

Will you, dear Friends, accept from me
This Token of my loyalty
To you who long ago I knew
Were worthy all that I can do
To bless and cheer you on the way—
To clear your skies from day to day,
And if some clouds must be your share,
Point out the silver lining there.

Your wedding seems but yesterday;
So fleet the years have rolled away;
I wonder when I see how fast
They've gone till twenty-five have past
Since you in youthful trust and hope
Began with real life to cope—
Began your real selves to be—
Two in one holy harmony.

Began—yes that is what I mean,
For this is just what I have seen:
There is no real life until
The happy wedlock vow we fill.
God hath decreed this should be so,
And smiles upon us as we go
Together happy hand in hand,
Bound by one endless silver strand.

May God still bless you, now, I pray
While other years flit fast away;
Your bound protect in blissful peace
Till on the earth your labors cease,
And when you lay your mortal down
May you receive a glory crown,
And in reunion over there
May we each other's glory share.

A Father's Council.

My Son, the most of happiness
Is a contented mind.
That which gives most of ease and rest
You'll in contentment find.

Above the glare of servile show
You'll find that elegance
Of character will brighter glow
And be of less expense.

In true refinement you should dwell,
And not in idle dress.
Respect of men is only well
When backed by worthiness.

Waste not your life in geting gold:
True wealth is a pure mind.
Be frank, but gentle; quick but bold;
To open heart inclined.

And diligent in study be;
Think quick but slow to speak.
Be never snappish. Cheerfully
The good of other's seek.

Be brave in the defense of right;
Be calm, and sorry not;
Do what you do with all your might
But life's race hurry not.

This is the course that you must run
If you would happy be,
And 'tis an easy course, my son,
And from vexations free.

1900.

Sawed Off At The First Joint.

We poets have no lack of skill
In versing and in rhymes;
We write as if the world we'd fill
With our rhythmical chimes.

We write and verse and rhyme with ease;
Sometimes we make a hit.
Perhaps we'd more good people please
If we knew when to quit.

Like "The Poet's Mind," of Tennyson,
We great the critic fear;
As if he'd dull our pen and send
Our rhyme-skill to the rear.

The poetry I love to read
Is short and to the point;
The climax reached with lightning speed—
Sawed off at the first joint.

Colorado Springs Colo. 1904.

Growing Old.

As I sat by my fireside shut in from the storm,
And looked out at the sleet and the rain,
I was wondering why I was aching and worn,
And my body so tortured with pain;
But my aches and my dread of the storm and the cold.
Are reminders that I am now failing and old.

Then I turned to my book and I there tried to read,
But my eyes were so aching and dim
That I closed up the book and would follow the lead
Of my grand-child in singing a hymn.
My eyes and my quivering voice clearly told
How so surely my body is failing and old.

Now, "Good-night my dear Grand-pa", my darling child said,
And in fondness I answered the boy;
Soon I heard the soft patter of feet overhead,
And his bed-time sweet prayer gave me joy
But the child's soft good-night, and his presence me told
How so surely I'm nearing the home of the old.

Yes, the home of the aged, how sweet it will be,
Where the old are made young over there;
Where a mansion of beauty awaiteth for me
And the skies are eternally fair.
I shall soon join ~~join~~ the dear ones who've entered the fold
Where no pain ne'er shall enter and youth ne'er grows old.

Habits Grow.

A stalk of corn can not be made
As by a single stroke;
Nor in a day, nor a decade
Can spring a mighty oak.

The rain falls not in ocean mass,
It comes in tiny pearls;
Nor planets do their orbits pass
But by successive whirls.

A man does not court sin at sight,
But mere suggestion lies;
At first indulgence, then delight;
Consent then passive lies.

Then open sin he doth avow,
And practice custom makes;
He forms excuses clever now,
And the defensive takes.

So flexible his boastful mind
He now courts sin with glee,
And wholly seems to it inclined,
And mocks at piety.

But I'll repent before I die:
No doubt most sinners think
While sin to sin they multiply
Unto the very brink.

But men do err when they suppose
That by a single bound
They can repent, escape sin's woes,
And feel no scar, no wound.
1895.

Land Of My Birth.

You may boast of the beauties of other great lands;
Of their mountains, their lakes and their river's
curved strands;
But the place most delightful to me on the earth
Is the home of my childhood; the land of my birth.

You may boast of the splendor of suns as they rise
In lands far away neath the fairest of skies;
But the brightest fair morning to me on the earth
Was the morn of my childhood; the land of my birth.

You may boast of the flowers of other fair climes;
Of the singing of birds, and their musical chimes;
There's no music nor blossoms so sweet on the earth
As those known in my childhood in land of my birth.

You may boast of a country, its greatness and wealth;
Of its freedom, its honor, its power, and its health;
But there's none that I love in the wide round old
earth
Like my own free America; land of my birth.
1903

Have Confidence In Man.

Have hope — aye confidence in man,
The meanest, and the worst;
Make him have faith in you: you can,
By trusting in him first.

Shame him by your own trust and soon
You'll see him make amend.
A band of thieves is seldom known
To pilfer a kind friend.

On all men's honesty rely,
'Twill lessen acts of sin.
In words of love make kind reply,
E'er angry words begin.

True words of love will thaw the heart
Case-hardened by cold frost.
The warm sun fragrant blossoms start —
Brings back that which seemed lost.

Treat kindly man with trust that's strong,
If you would wish his weal;
E'en cautions doubts to imps belong:
They tempt the best to fail.

If you should deal with men as ill
Your dealings make them sin;
Despair not then, but try with skill
For God their souls to win.

1897

In Memento.

'Twas thirty years ago. We knew few cares.
Ma's heart, and mine were younger then and tender,
We'd just begun to climb life's wedding stairs—
Though long ago one thing we well remember.

'Twas morning—just when the day began to peep,
A little lady stranger came in crying.
We knew the nameless waif would spoil our sleep,
And to our patience she'd be oftimes trying.

But somehow Ma did like the little maid,
And still she was an ugly little peeper.
"If it be Papa you are not afraid,"
Ma pleading said, "I guess we'd better keep her".

"But husband," she continued, "let me see:
We're very poor, and names are dear, yet truly
I've got a name, I think, perhaps 'twill be
Quite good enough, so let us call her Lula."

Yes, thirty years have passed with sun and shade,
And this memento now we'll send of ours,
To her who was that little nameless maid—
To Mrs Lula Smith we'll send these flowers.

1898.

A Vicious Beast.

There is a vicious roving beast
That prowls about by day;
At night his prowlings have not ceased;—
He's often in your way.

His face is like bright shining brass;
His eyes like balls of fire;
His body is a putrid mass;
His tail a poisoned brier.

His feet are swift and impudent;
His nose is out of place;
His tongue in mischief vile is bent;
His age doth scorn embrace.

Respect he hath not for the high;
Regardeth not the low;
To catch the wise he schemeth shy;
The good feel most his blow.

The lovely maid of lofty aim
Hath felt his venom sting;
Nor pity, sympathy, nor shame
Did spare high heaven's King.

And roving still around the earth
With mischief vile his aim;
He breaketh hearts; makes sad the hearth,
And Slander is his name.

1898.

Back to the Scenes of my Childhood.

(Not a parody)

How sweet to come back to the scenes of my child-
hood,
To th' dear, dear old village I once called my home;
The village that sprang in the shades of the wildwood,
Where long, long ago the wild beasts used to roam.
Yes dear to my heart are the fond recollections
Of friends that I loved and of people I knew;
And vivid comes back all my youth's expectations
Though these seemed as brief as a May morning's
dew.
But childhood acquaintance Time cannot dis-
sever,
And loves of my youth I will fondly renew.

I grant you old Time has been down the great
roadwood,
And father and mother long 'er went to rest;
But th' streets of today were the streets of my childhood-
The old homestead kindly receives me her guest.
How dear to my heart are the friends that now
meet me-
That bid me to enter the wide open door;
And fondly I grasp the kind hands that now
greet me held
The dear hands I've in my own long before;
For childhood acquaintance old Time cannot
sever
And loves of my youth shall be loves ever more.

1895.

Dan Lail.

"Wife's friend, Dan Lail, from city came,"
Said quaint old farmer Jinn;
"To recreate, it was his aim,
And have us wait on him.

"He stretched himself on our best bed,
Though dusty his attire,
And in a dreamy way he said,
'How restful Friend Mariar.'

"And how my wife's friend did complain
When 'er he had to budge;
He wished we'd an electric train —
It's so, if you may judge.

"They brought with them their little Lail,
Who in his own pert way
Would catch my heifer by the tail
And swing the live long day.

"His mother thought he would not live
To be a grown up man
I hoped her right! Will you forgive? —
He'd be another Dan.

"His appetite — now this is true —
One day, besides his meals
He ate green apples, twenty-two,
Rhubarb three stalks with peals.

"Two cucumbers, also, he ate,
Ten cookies without holes,
And bread and milk, as sure as fate,
He licked up two big bowls.

"I watched him all the long day through,
What he ate I wrote down,
At night I thought — I almost knew,
I'd have to go to town.

"The Autumn eve was soft as June;
The breeze blew gentle breath;
Light, fleecy clouds half hid the moon —
Befitting night for death.

"I thought I saw the angel stand
Behind the battlements,
Thin whet his scyth with steady hand
For use few moments hence.

"My house had failed not long before
To bring in time Dock Jones;
I hoped he'd do the same once more —
Bless his old squeaky bones.

"Well that young Lail, throughout the night,
Did rest as 'eer before.
Next day, with renewed appetite,
He ate and swung some more."

1893.

Are People Born Great.

"A preacher is born such", some people will say,
Of scholars is said oft the same;
And generals are made in no other known way;
And lawyers are born to their fame.

Inventers and teachers, the same they would say
Of tradesmen, mechanics and all;
The soldier and doctor, and chemists obey
Whatever their destinies call.

The truth's plainly this, if we only will see,
That God hath but given the power,
It always takes labor to make a man free,
And no one is skilled in an hour.

Wise Nature gives basis. She gives that alone,
And Genius directs when the Will is applied
And no great achievement hath ever been known
Where labor and thought were denied.

Did Shakespeare, at leisure produce a great play?
Or Milton his Paradise Lost?
Or Homer his Iliad in but a day,
Without hard wrought labor the cost.

Whoever achieveth must then be alive
Nor wait for success to crown you.
Persist thou in labor. In study hard strive
To go after the goal you've in view.

1902.

New Year's Resolves.

Back over the dying old year I have gone—
The year soon to sleep in the past;
I'm thinking of duties, so many undone,
And so many dark shadows they've cast.

With pain I've been thinking them over again,
With the blessings of mercy so free;
And very ungrateful I find I have been,
Since all his kind acts unto me.

Again I'll endeavor with purposes new—
If I am preserved by his love
His will I'll strive harder to faithfully do
Till I am housed safely above.

1893.

Rest in Jesus.

Jesus Christ alone can give
Peace and pleasure while we live.
Faith in Him while we have breath
Gives sweet peace in pain and death.
Trust in Him our risen Lord.
Present heaven doth afford.
Saved in Him our loving Friend
Give Salvation without end.

1900.

Daughter's Dream.

"No, you can't help me, daughter dear,
Till bind my aching head,
Then I can finish, do not fear;
Your Latin must be read."

The daughter then bent o'er her book
In study dutiful,
And mother, for a moment took
Rest sweet and beautiful.

While mother slept the daughter, too,
Fell dreaming solemnly:
Two angels near her mother drew,
In ~~—~~ consultation free.

"Why is this book so waste and worn,
On this good woman's brow?
Has she no daughter ever born,
Tell the Death Angel now?"

"Yes," said the other, "this is she,
But she has not the time
To help her mother. You shall see
She is a scholar, prime."

"What does she do with time I give?"
Death Angel then, inquired,
"Oh," said the other, "as I live,
She is so much admired.

"I keep her full, both hands and heart,
But she thinks not at all
That she from mother soon must part—
That you so soon must call.

"From over work her hair is gray,
And from anxiety
To money save her School to pay,
And dress respectably.

"And she must entertain all those
Young people, who admire
Her smile fine, and her good clothes:
The youthful heart's desire"

"But, she doth help about the house,—
She sweeps, and makes, and mends?
She washes, scrubs, and milks the cows?"
Said Death unto his friend.

"How can she, when her feet are sore,
And always on the go?
She begs for missions, sick, and poor,
For Church, and thus and so."

"No wonder, then," Death Angel said,
"That mothers call for me;
Ambition, many girls hath lead
To give them over free.

"So I will seal upon her brow—"
"Hold! Hold!" the daughter cried,
And wakeful, rising frightened now
She stood by mother's side.

"A nightmare, daughter, you have had,"
Said anxious brother then,
"You've missed your music hour, too bad
That I've so careless been."

"No matter mother, never mind
I'll stay at home today.
Lie still and rest. You've been so kind
I'll help you if I may.

"I'll send Professor Presto word,
So now you go to sleep
I'll make the muffins, spread the board,
And careful stillness keep.

"You are more dear by far to me
Than all the schools I've known."
She said and kissed her tenderly
And took charge of the home.

1895.

Yes and No.

The greatest word I know is Yes;
Unless it may be so
That greater still with letters less,
Is that acute word — No.

Fossils.

Oh wonderland of plain or hill,
  Where once the ocean rolled;
Where fossil shells and corals fill
  The rocks so strange and old.

Thy matchless charms delight me more
  Than mines of Cripple Creek;
Where men drill deep for precious ore,
  And golden treasures seek.

The fossil beds for me do hold
  More wealth than I have seen,
In all of Colorado's gold
  Or valued gems that gleam.

I care less for the gorge or peak
  That holds no fossils old—
I'd rather sit for days and seek
  The shell forms rockbeds hold.

Silurian rocks are my delight;
  The once deep ocean marls,
Here I may find the trilobite,
  The algae and corals.

The bi. and univalves embrace
  And curious forms galore;—
Oh give me rocks where I may trace
  These fossils held in store.

Written at Cripple Creek Colo. Oct. 1907.

Grand-pa's Sparking Days.

"Me tell you 'bout my sparkin' days? Why child,
I wonder why you want to know:
Would my young lad a sparkin' go?"
(While Grand-pa fixed his specs he, musing, smiled)
"I'm thinkin'," he said in accents low and mild,
"Of days a long, long time ago,
When people called me Bashful Joe:
Your grand-ma's name was then Susana Wild.

"But hold! She warn't a grand-ma then! Oh no!
She was a las of sweet sixteen;
An' both of us, I 'spect, was green.
I loved her, but I darsent tell her so,
'Cause what she'd say I didn't exactly know.
I hung 'round Sundays — Oft between,
And oft she warn't thar to be seen.
Now don't you think I was a brave young beaux?

"Well, one day I jis up an' to her said,
'Susana, you're a sweet cuchoo.'
What'd she say? Why only 'ugh-ghu.'
Then says I, trembling and with drooping head,
Let's go to town next Sunday and git wed';
Her sunbonnet she tighter drew,
I thought I heard her say "hu-hu."
I could not see her face — I 'spect 'twas red.

"'Susana coine,' says I, 'don't think I'm bad
But let me have just now one kiss,
To seal my long expected bliss.'
'Ugh-ghu!' she said. I knew she warn't mad,

"An' as I lingered there a longing land
She closer drew an' whispered this
Innocent 'hu-hu!' meaning yes.
An' this is all the courting days we had."
1894.

My First Home.

To Templeton's Ford I went back one time more,
To see the old cabin that stood on the shore;
Our happy old home by White Water's side,
The first home we had: myself and my bride.

But I'm disappointed; I hoped there to see
Things, not as they are, but as they used there to be.
Is this the place? Has it changed so by Time?
Is it here, wife and I used to live in our prime?

Yes, here are the hills where we used once to roam,
And up the old Battle Point, back of our home,
We climbed to its summit, I close by her side
And viewed the old river's low rippling tide.

But where is the cabin? The garden spot too?
The sugar tree old whose great branches once threw
Refreshing, cool shadows across our front door?
They're gone, and I know I shall see them no more.

In that old log cabin by White Water's tide,
My wife sat at evening and I by her side,
Talked over our hopes for the future, and fears,
Of what we expected in future's long years.

We'd only a cabin, one room and a shed,
A few dishes, a cooking stove and a cord bed;
A dry-goods box then for a cupboard had we,
A home-made plain table, enough for just three

Six second hand chairs, our carpet was new,
And that was all made by my wife's labor too;
Is this all we had, let me study and see?
Oh no, for a baby and cradle had we.
1888.

Affinity.

No man with man can ever agree
Where mind repelleth mind;
But oft with strangers we are free,
And lasting friendship find.

Not all we've thought our friends, we find,
Though friendship's ties begin;
Affinity the souls must bind,
If friendship rules within.
1908.

If you Love Me Tell me So.

Who hates me, speechless should remain,
For hate should deadly color show;
My friends should from fond speech refrain,
But if you love me tell me so.

While Thou Art Far Away.

I've sat in silence all this day,
Beneath the forest shade,
Where nature's beauty bright and gay
Around me thick is laid,
While thou art far away.

The birds are singing clear and sweet:
How happy they must be;
And every bird its mate doth greet;
But there's no mate for me,
While thou art far away.

The brook is murmuring by my side,
Its loveliness I see;
The bird and mate drink from the tide;
There's none to drink with me,
While thou art far away.

And yonder in devoted style
Two lovers, fond as we,
I can but understand their smile
There's no such smiles for me
While thou art far away.

May 1866.

"A Mother's Gift."

(Author unknown.)

"Oh, take her! She is now thine—
The vows that you have spoken
To love and cherish her through life
Oh, may they ne'er be broken!
Remember she forsakes for thee,
Kindred, friends and home—
The scenes of childhood's sportiveness,
O'er the wide world to roam.

"Oh, take her! She is all thine own—
To thee her life is plight,
Nor dreams the time will ever come
When it will take its flight;
But if succeeding years should prove,
That she has judged amiss,
How can she look or think on thee,
Who thus hath marred her bliss?

"But still I hope 'twill never be,
That she'll have cause to weep
Until death's arms shall lay thee low
In the cold ground to sleep;
And that you ne'er will blast the hopes
Raised in her fond young heart;
But award her like a tender flower
Till ebbing life depart."

Handed to S. B. Huddleston on the day of his marriage May 12. 1864; by the bride's Mother, at her home Blooming Grove Franklin Co. Ind. The same had been given to her husband in like manner at their marriage May 12, 1844.

Response to "A Mothers Gift."

I take her – Yes she is my own!
The vow that I have spoken,
To love and cherish her through life
Will ne'er, no ne'er be broken.
I know that she forsakes for me
Her kindred, friends and home,
The scenes of childhood's sportiveness,
But homeless she'll ne'er roam.

I take her – yes I know she's mine;
To me her life is plight.
Nor dreams she that the time may come
That love will take its flight.
Successive years will never prove
That she has judged amiss;
Nor, will she ever think on me
To say I married her bliss.

Yes, you may trust 'twill never be
That she'll have cause to weep,
Until death's arms shall lay me low
In the cold grave to sleep.
For I will never blast the hopes
That rise in her fond heart;
I'll guard her like a tender flower,
Till ebbing life depart.

May 19, 1867.

A Bit of Mothers Delf.

I went back to the place that I loved when a child;
To the ground of my parents' old home;
To the place where a cabin they built in the wild,
By the brook where I once love to roam.

The forest has fallen away long ago;
And the cabin—my home—'tis no more;
But the sparkling brook there continues to flow,
As it flowed past the old cabin door.

And I drank from the spring—yes the very same spring
That still flows from the gum running 'der—
'Twas the very same gum I helped father to bring
From the trunk of the old sycamore.

Yes the cabin is gone; there is not left a trace;
They have spared not a pillar nor stone.
Stern old Time has been harsh there to spoil and deface,
And the earth has received back her own.

A memento I found of those long ago years,
'Tis a bit of my mother's best delf;
Where her fingers had touched it I kissed with my tears:
Ah, it may be I broke it myself.

Now I'll keep it here close to my heart with Gods Truth,
While I think with deep shame of the tears
I caused mother to weep for my follies in youth—
For the sins of my wandering years.

She forgave me. Ah, yes I well know I'm forgiven,
And I know that she prayed for her boy;
And I hope soon to meet her and greet her in heaven,
Where her love I shall always enjoy.

Contentment.

Green grass and daisies come, I pray,
Possess these fields with me;
The winter winds come drive away
That I may dwell with thee.
Come sit with me upon the lawn,
And there thy beauty trace
Come bid the snow and ice be gone —
Their breath from off my face.

Fair one, if this thy wish could be
Attained at thy request —
If I could come and sit with thee
From whence could I find rest.
I sleep beneath the snow and ice,
My slumber I must keep.
Till Springtime South-winds do arise
And wake me from my sleep.

Green grass and daisies, hear, I pray,
Rest in a lazy plea!
Come drive the ice and snow away;
Let me thy fair face see.

Come let me lounge upon thy breast,
And breathe thy fragrance sweet;
Awaken now, at my request—
I hate this ice and sleet.

Poor selfish and ungrateful child,
Shouldst thy wish attain
Thou wouldst complain when sun had smiled,
And when there comes a rain.
Contentment is the richest prize—
A prize that thou dost need,
Then seek her if thou wilt be wise,
Her words of wisdom heed.

1893.

Jimmy Joe Jack.

Young Jimmy Joe Jack is at farming this year,
I reckon you think this is strikingly queer;
But Jimmy Joe Jack is a daring young man,
And he plows at his bread-corn as hard as he can.
For Mary Jane Judkins, when corn they've no lack
Will fire the dutch oven for Jimmy Joe Jack.

Now Jimmy, his field was so big, you must know,
That he could not plow but one time in a row.
The rows were so long and so straight I am bound,
That he never plowed more than two times around,
But Mary Jane Judkins no courage will lack
When baking a corn pone for Jimmy Joe Jack.

One Monday — I tell you my story is true —
Young Jimmy Joe Jack plowed his furrow once
through;
Before he had turned to go following back
He heard the cracked dinner-bell clatter click clack;
But Mary Jane Judkins no genius will lack
In ringing a new bell for Jimmy Joe Jack.

And Jimmy, he thought he had not been asleep,
Although this old "clatter" had eaten a heap,
And draggled, and trampled around and
about,
And torn a whole acre of bread-corn clean out;
But Mary Jane Judkins from now had no lack
To bed sending early her Jimmy Joe Jack.

Now Jimmy declared that he never could tell
If he heard the first clack of the clattering bell,
"But I do know," he said, "and I can not mistake,
When we shall be married I will keep me awake.
And Mary Jane Judkins will never be slack
In keeping her eye upon Jimmy Joe Jack.

1889.

The Human Voice.

If in sweet music I'd rejoice,
Where is there sweeter lays
Than God hath given the human voice,
That man may sing his praise.

White Lies.

"It's only a white lie," Fallax said
"It hath done no one harm,
Who can not jest might well be dead,
For levity hath charms."

Xenocrates made this reply,
"White lies – if such can be –
Are falsehoods, and none dare deny
They're void of honesty."

White lies, some think, if told in fun
Will cause no harm nor strife;
Can never injure any one,
And are the spice of life.

Lies uttered by an act or breath
Make dark the souls best light
And shroud the life in endless death
As deep in gloom as night.

So virtue what more harm will do –
What more lift up a vice
Than careless tongues that misconstrue,
Or tell their "small white lies?"

Two languages can not keep pure,
Associated free;
A bastard tongue will follow sure:
Both will corrupted be.

But now the question creepeth in,
This phrase why do I write
White lies are Ethiop's near kin;
No soap can make them white.
1898.

Depth of Life.

Life's roots lie deep, and sure, and strong,
Not in earth's shallow stream
Where shifting sands drift ever along,
And doubtful waters gleam.
But in the deep blue ether sea,
Beyond earth's shifting bars,
In depths of God's Eternity,
Whose bottom vaults the stars.

Friendship not Bound by space.

Though we be many miles apart,
And meet but seldom here,
For thee I have a true friend's heart,
And feel thee ever near.
Huntsville Ala. Feb. 1865.

Peter He and Polly She.

Good Peter he was rich and free,
And had a widowed neighbor;
And Polly she was good as he,
But little had to labor.

And Peter he thought Polly she
Of want he might well free her,
And Polly she thought Peter he
Might come across and see her.

So Peter he went cheerfully,
As Polly she expected.
And Peter he told Polly she,
He feared, had been neglected.

But Peter he feared Polly she
Would n't let him ask her pointed;
And Polly she thought Peter he
Should ask her if he might n't.

Then Peter he said Polly she
Should 'low him just one question
And Polly she said Peter he
Might offer his suggestion.

And Peter he said Polly she
Should now be Polly Peter;
And Polly she said Peter he
Should come half way and meet her.

1894.

Where'll We Be When Jesus Comes?

"Dear Mamma, where'll we be when Jesus comes?
Will we still be living down here?
The Good-man won't find us down in the vile slums,
He'll miss us, dear Mamma, I fear.

"And where do you think my dear Papa will be?
Will Jesus be coming at noon?
I fear if he come in the night-time, you see,
He'll find him in Rummy's saloon.

"Don't cry my dear Mamma, for I want to know;
Some say that all drunkard are bloats;
Is Papa one of them, and then must he go
To live away down with goats?

"Come tell me about it, — Dear Mamma don't cry.
Would Jesus Lord answer my prayers,
And save my dear Papa? I think I will try,
Come with me now under the stairs."

The child and the mother then earnestly there
In darkness fell pleading their cause;
And while they were pleading so fervent in prayer
A coarse voice from without made them pause.

"Enough! It's enough!" the rum-drunken man cried.
"Your prayers must be answered today.
If Jesus, your Saviour, for drunkards hath died
Then let me kneel down while you pray."

Next day he was sober and quiet at home
Conversing with happy ones there;
They talked of their plans for the days yet to come
And faithfully dwelt much in prayer.

"Yes, we are now living down in the low slums,
Among the rum-drunken, vile bloats;
But Jesus will find us wherever he comes,
And I will not be with the goats.

"Your papa will be at his work or at home,
And not in the drinking saloon,
And Jesus will find us all time should he come
In the night-time, or at the high noon."

1896.

Men grow wiser after losses,
Also stronger after crosses.

Unclassed Quadruplets.

Thy way may be both rough and steep,
And falls may scar and bruise
But rise and do not stop to weep,
For you've no time to lose.

Man is not shaped from outward in,
Nor yet with chisel-hammer stroke;
But from the heart doth growth begin,
From in to outward as the oak.

The good day coming 's almost here,
A long, long timed awaiting;
Dispel thy gloom, dry up thy tears
For morn's sweet dawn is breaking.

There's heaven in the breast,
And angel ministry,
And blessed peace and rest,
Where love doth make us free.

Gods smiles are seen in every flower,
Beneficence in growth of wheat;
Each atom shows his mighty power,
His love in every wave of heat.

There is no good below — above,
But has its being fixed in love;
What else looks good, what else looks true,
Its color from loves likeness drew.

Never argue with a man who talks
As if he'd split your ears,
You can't convince him though you'd try
With truth ten thousand years.

Some souls make music all through life,
And fill the world with song,
While some make discontent and strife,
As if all things were wrong.

Earths learned men go stumbling
Upon the way to heaven's door,
To find the latch while fumbling,
Admission's given to the poor.

It's not enough in my old age
That I should seek the truth,
It better pays that I engage
Myself to God in youth.

The old year's slipping fast away,
And we must bid it soon be gone;
We cannot have it with us stay,
But we may dream of the beyond.

Our borrowed thoughts, some writers say,
By awkwardness are known;
But to know how to use them may
Make them become our own.

When troubles sore confound us,
And we know not the why,
With God's strong arms around us
We moan, but should not sigh.

Jewels of the rarest worth
Are like the pure in heart,
They're seldom seen upon the earth,
And missed when they depart.

No better friends hath mortals known
Than those that God hath given,
And they that those refuse to own
Do spurn the gifts of heaven.

What will give peace to th' troubled soul?
What fully satisfy?
Nought but to dwell in Father's fold,
And feel his presence nigh.

My life to-morrow, as to-day,
If the good Lord should give it,
Will still be fleeting fast away.
While I prepare to live it.

If I but slight the nettle touch
Its poison burns me to the heart.
But grip it with determined clutch
It will but little pain impart.

When the devil a job hops to do
He's seeking hands will to do it
He's now looking, dear brother, for you,
If you're out of a job see to it

Truth may be stabbed but can not die,
May be disguised, but will be known,
May be suppressed, but by and by
It will ascend high Heaven's throne.

What you are, it hath been said,
Doth ring so loudly in my ear
That words you speak fall dull and dead,
And what you say I can not hear.

Sometimes the Christian's sun is set
Before he hath his harvest seen,
But sure the increase he will get,
Though left while budding in the green.

I sought the grand, and beautiful
On earth from pole to pole;
I found it in the dutiful,
A lily in the soul.

Prayer is the cry in Mercy's ear;
Not eloquence, but earnest zeal,
And not the cry of doubt nor fear,
But in confiding trust it rests.

Thy will be done is not a sigh,
Not a regret, and not a loss;
'Tis Trust that bringeth Heaven nigh,
And pleasure when I lift the cross.

If round the world for saints I'd search
I'd not choose all who go to church,
And yet not one that stays away
Would I expect to find who prays.

Doubt cavils at what truth involves,
Despairs the means and end,
And ridicules men's best resolves,
On nothing can depend.

If I would to the doctor go
For every ailment here below;
The lawyer seek at every stife,
I'd be a beggar all my life.

A great mind's eager to believe,
And hungereth for facts,
Expects that man will not deceive
And of suspicion lacks.

A gentleman makes little noise,
A lady always is serene;
Vain boasting's left to playful boys,
Or to the ignorant and mean.

"Our mind's fertil field,"
The poet saeth true;
The sort of crop it yields
Depends me and you.

If wild oats we shall sow
How shall we garner wheat
If we plow not, hoe
How can we hope to eat.

If you love me tell me so
For how else may I ever know
If it were leapyear then might I
The teasing proposition try.

Couplets.

1. I saw a man — and so did you —
Who lied and thought nobody knew.

2. Thy toil-marked hands and sun-browned face
Are marks of honor, not disgrace.

3. Who looks ahead for troubles sees
Twice over his calamities.

4. Deep sorrow, storms, distress and gloom
Do brighten manhood into bloom.

5. Beware of truth that seems to flow
From errors roots, — deception's show.

6. A foe to God I never knew
That to his fellow-man was true.

7. "You'd better have," some one has said,
"A loving heart than witty head.

8. It's sometimes well that we endure,
But conquering is the most sure.

9. He who pursues two hares at once
Must loose them ~~Both~~ both: the silly dunce.

10. The only safe path man can trod
Is that which leads direct to God.

11. Except for sin there's naught appears
To man so harmful as his fears.

12 Home with no woman there to cheer it
Is like a body minus spirit.

13. For every day I find one Friend
In Him I abide I can depend.

14. For what's in man I may despond
But Trust in God where man must end.

15. Sin is a bitter-sweet at best
A pole to poke the hornets nest.

16. If pain you'd reap, then sow good seed;
Kind words benevalence, good deeds.

17. As long as you and Truth agree
You'll be from ills forever free.

18 Some blame themselves in our days,
In hope that they'll receive mens praise.

19. Pleased with the freedom of his mind
Man hath the gift of heaven declined.

20. "Live and let live," is nice to say
Live and help live's the better way.

21. Oft grand results the world hath gained
By efforts men grandly maintained

22. Just give me room in life's great throng
Ill help to push the world along.

23. Self is more times our greatest foe
Than its our friend while here below.

24. More cheated men have been in life
Who buy a dog, a horse, a wife.

25. Who then the curse of man will fear
Since God our feeble prayers doth hear.

26. Oft when I would life's sweetness sip
The cup's dashed rudely from my lips.

27. A fool will all his cunnings set
To waste the gold his labors get.

28. When ere you smile at foolish lies
Old Satan laughs until he cries.

29. We may if we on God depend.
Have sweet fruition in the end.

30. Dark thoughts in man's rebellious heart
Can make Gods promises seem dark.

31. Than selfishness there is naught so low
And naught so pure to melt out woe.

32. An hour lost in youth's fair bloom
Gives failure and misfortune room

33. To others that true pleasure gives,
Will see true pleasures while he lives.

34. If folly, the discontented elf,
Is pleased with more, how long with self?

35. God's word needs naught it to defend,
But needs to forward send.

36. Your mother honor while you can,
Your father never call Old Man.

37. That which may help one brother dear
May hurt and hinder others near.

38 'Tis flattery that soils the hands
Which giving and receiving stands.

39. Before you marry keep eyes ope,
But after shut in trust and hope.

40 Strive to live half a Christian life
And find sad failure for your strife.

41 When weary in lifes stern contest
I lean on God and get sweet rest.

42. More wise I would be thy faults to mend
Than hiding them thy time to spend.

43. With storms allayed or labor past
How sweet the rest that comes at last.

44. His hands did Pilate wash when seen
But 'twas his heart that was unclean.

45 Composing self he is, and looks,
Much wiser than composing books.

46 Thy lips can not vile words impart
While Jesus dwells within the heart.

47. The influence that makes great minds
Is mothers' hearts to God inclined.

48 Love beaming softly from the eye
Will kindle love in passers by.

49 Quench not an uplifting desire;
Its promptings call upon up still higher.

50. Kind words and smiles that we impart
Subdue all strife and win the heart.

51. When pride leads people it is clear
That beggary brings up the rear.

52. Christ fled when men would make him king,
But went forth bold to meet death's sting.

53. An empty man! I pity him!
He's full of self up to the brim!

54 Try to be good, but try much less
To show thyself conspicuous.

55. Honor pursued will from you shy,
But flee from it, 'twill at you fly.

56. Much water can not quench true love
That hath been kindled from above.

57. Resent his act who would defame
A good man's motives, act, or name.

58. He that of all things makes the best
Hath always peace, and joy, and rest.

59. He who is false to God can ne'er
Be to his earthly friends sincere.

60. I felt a hand stretched from above
In warmth of tenderness and love.

61. Pity the man that's great, and wise,
And right in his own selfish eyes.

62 From planting that is all our own
Our lilies or our thorns are grown.

63 Unless good motives go before
Our actions must be very poor.

64 The guilty shrink when friends draw near
But innocense knows naught of fear.

65 My thoughts in purity should bide
Since by my thoughts my soul is dyed.

66. Ambition high her right hand lifts
To secret paths between the cliffs.

67. Consider what thou art within,
Not what thou mayst seem to men.

68 A rainbow and a pretty face,
Like butterflies, soon run their race.

69 Create in me a new clean heart
A spirit that is right impart.

70. It's not the pain that martyrs make
But it's the cause they'd not forsake.

71. Let other men thy good life see
But other lips, not thine, praise thee.

72. Love is a word from Heaven's throne,
A poem in itself alone.

73. Friend, know that where you make your bed
It's there you'll sometime lay your head.

74. The wisest men this world has known
Have little wisdom of their own.

75. I have enough for every need
And more than that's a miser's greed.

76. Better be small and brightly shine
Than great and cast a shade behind.

77. Friendship, hearts of men has moved
But heaven and earth are moved by love.

78 None for himself alone was born
But that the may the world adorn.

79. Who'd keep in him a light divine
Will not let selfishness thine shine.

80. Cold bargaining hath not a friend
Nor Kindred on whom to depend.

81. Poor Pride! A double traitor he,
Betrays himself to tangle thee.

82. What'er I do my best to be
Though I should fail it comforts me.

83. It's good that we to live long will,
But to live well is better still.

84 Avidity, self love, and pride
Have caused more tears than all beside.

86. Prayer speaketh but the Father's mind,
To prayer God hath his ear inclined.

87. Lord what am I, and to what end?
Teach me that I may understand.

88. Its easy follies past to see,
But hard our failures yet to be.

89 Ne'er judge a man by outside show,
Seek rather, his true heart to know;

90. Look on the poor with hopeful eyes;
Oft angels have been in such guise.

91. Ne'er speak a word that may offend
The chastest ear of some one's friend.

92. Thy beauty soon must fade away,
But virtue brightens every day.

93 What foresight, man, hast Thou? - What skill?
Thy measure of sweet bliss to fill?

94 Should it a cause of Terror be
If other men your errors see?

95. Its manly courage, strong and warm
That gives to virtue vigor firm.

96. As Jacobs ladder pierced the skies
So do the Christian's prayer arise.

97. If youth but knew what age would crave
I would a pure life of virtue save.

98. God make thee prosper in the way,
And bring thee back to us some day.

99. Good seeds will ripen some bright day,
But evil perish and decay.

100. I know no way of keeping youth
Like serving God in deed and truth.

101. Strive to be something in your life
And you'll be paid well for your strife.

102. The greatest prize a man can find
Is in himself, a heart that's kind.

103. When I have done my very best
My conscience is serene and blest.

104. From little hints good men have sown
A mighty harvest hath been grown.

105. Mere friendship's love with little heat;
Affection is in love replete.

106. From sinless care and careful pains
A happy end man surely gains.

107 Much knowledge drives some men insane
Much goodness health gives to the brain.

108. The fount of beauty is the heart,
Each righteous act is but a part.

109. "She hath done what she could," would be
Sweet words if said of you and me.

110. The tears that flow from feelings heart,
More oft than words repentance start.

111. True nobleness comes not by birth
But Godliness makes men of worth.

112. Deep is the sea, and deep a well,
The pit of pride is deep as hell.

113. Those who true excellence possess
Think of it brief, speak of it less.

114 Just tell a maid she's growing old
And she will be a jewish scold.

115. If thou hast virtue go pursue
The grace and beauty of virtue.

116. That which maintains one vice in youth
Will bring two children up in truth.

117. A man ridiculous is shown
When he affects ways not his own.

118. "I will," hath mountains cleft in twain
"I can't," hath not a hope of gain.

119 As virtue has its own reward
So vice with punishment is stored.

120. Thou, Lord, wilt turn thy face to me
While I my mind keep stayed on thee.

121. The careless jests that we expend
Oft injure those we would befriend.

122. Fools teach before they have been taught
And know not that they're good for naught.

123. Thou, child of God, 'tis for thy weal
That His corrections thou must feel.

124 Contentment is the richest crown
That mortal man hath ever found.

125. Diminish, never multiply
Faults that in other people lie.

126 The absent we find full of fault
The present justify, exalt.

127. Prayers of the righteous echo back
Assurance that we nothing lack.

128. From impure seeds in youth that's sown
Men's impure words and acts have grown.

129 Zeal is, when mixed with Christian love
But holy fire from God above.

130. Our boast is in Him who for me died
And not that "I" am sanctified.

131 Yes, heaven will pay for all the loss
That we must suffer from our cross.

132. When disappointed by a friend
Know you can't on yourself depend.

133 How strange that men till lies as though
The men who hear will never know.

134. How sweet to look beyond the tomb
To lands where joys eternal bloom.

135. Who will not sit in silence meek
Speaks oft when he ought not to speak.

136. The duties that each day require
If cheerful done brings heaven nigher.

137. Death is sullen, silent, dark as night
But life in God is full of light.

138. Delay may sometimes make men wise,
But perseverance wins the prize.

139. Vice will soon or later bring
Its promised woe, its certain sting.

140 He that hath patience hath great skill,
And he may have all that he will.

141. From guileful hearts deceit ere slips
Out by the tongue betwixt the lips.

142. Who will dare say, There are no flowers
To beautify bright heaven's bowers.

143. When duty stands before you say,
I can, I ought, I will obey.

144. Love is the lamp that lights the tomb
And robs it of its deathly gloom.

145. Would that all men had understood
To speak their thoughts in solitude.

146. Since folly hath so well pleased fools
Men have been apt in foil'ys schools.

147. He who commandments don't obey
Shall not command, nor have his way.

148. Look not for crosses heard to bear,
But if they come take them in prayer.

149 Give praise unto who reminded me
Of headless pins — Sharp but faulty.

150 The just are oft condemned by men
While justified the wicked stand.

151. A faultfinder, it is the rule
That in himself there lurks a fool.

152. Our character alone will stay
With us when death calls us away.

153. At workman's door we sometimes dare
Look in but must not enter there.

154. Sinless there's blossoms in the spring
The autumn will no harvest bring!

155. Though we our good seeds sow in tears
We'll gladden when the harvest nears.

156 The prayer that bringeth God this way
Must touch our own hearts while we pray.

157. Beware of Gibtongues flattery,
For vain deceit in him I see.

158 The path of duty rough may seem
But it is safe in the extreme.

159. For gold a fool his cunnings lend,
For gold he'll heaven's treasure spend.

160 If thou to judgment art inclined
Then calmly judge with justice kind.

161. Death comes a sudden pang to give
To only those unfit to live.

162. Soft hands have one associate:
Soft brains alone doth with them mate.

163. The mother of the world's mischief
Is idleness, the wretched thief.

164. In storms, no matter how they beat,
I find in Jesus my retreat.

165. Boast not yourself another day
For it may trouble bring your way.

166. Man's duty and self-interest
Bids him be honest first and last.

167 No life was ever glorious
Whose days were not laborious.

168. Sorrows give courage to arise
Our rounds of hope that pierce the skies

169. To keep one minute I've no power
Then why should I waste one whole hour?

170 X-rays to search our fellows mind
Would make men wish the world was blind.

171. If faults were all upon one side
Disputes would not old friends divide.

172. He that floats idly with the tide
Into the whirlpool soon must glide.

173. Faith takes achievements yet to be
And fashioneth mans destiny.

174 Keep thy own shop and thou wilt see
Thy shop is able to keep thee.

175. Sleep to the laborer is sweet
And he doth relish bread and meat.

176 Your idle hands or idle words
Despised alike are of the Lord.

177. So deal thou with a villain then
Lose confidence in honest men.

178. Thoughts that I harbor in my mind
Will always leave their tracks behind.

179. He who here liveth carnally
Forgets he lives eternally.

180 The Spirits fruits our lives adorn
When of the Spirit we are born,

181 Slander's tongues do love a lie,
And Slander's tales do multiply.

182 He who his angry passion shows
Invites his enemy to blows.

183 When weeping God is standing by
Our hearts to cheer and tears to dry

184. No man has sunk so low in sin
But a pure life he may begin.

185. Three jewels in old age or youth
Are Modesty and Love and Truth.

186 Men full of zeal, void meekness are
Like ships void compas, chart and star.

187. Have you a moments time to spend
Stay with your wife: make her your friend.

189. The chain that bindeth friend to friend
In truth: It never has to mend.

190. Quick promises are apt to be
As quick in inconsistancy.

191 Know thou that where thou'd bank thy lore,
There thou shalt find thy treasure store.

192 Some men forget nought when they die
But to bid creditors goodbye.

193 The evils that our lives beset
Hurt little but when we forget.

194. Mark well sin's steps e'er its too late:
Eve saw, heard, listened, took and ate.

195. Some people are too stiff to bend,
And some to old and set to mend.

196. To choose a wife its the best way
To choos her on a working day.

197. Sorrows come not by accident
But for the warp and woof they're meant.

198 When God speaks I will try to hear.
With earnest heart and listening ear.

199. Our bitter words of haste and hate
Are oft repented of too late.

200 Must thy dear wife endure till death
The taint of a tobacco breath.

201 You sell on trust and find ere long
Your friends and all your money gone.

202 God lades the wings of secret prayer
His sweetest love with us to share.

203 Reforms in politics must start
In the regenerated heart.

204. Prosperity gains friends today,
Adversity takes them away.

205. To be saved is not to be said;
Salvation makes the christian glad.

206. The wise, the true, the great, the good
Speak first their thoughts in solitude.

207. An evil heart can falsify
The truths that near Jehovah lie.

208 A mind with evil fancies fraught
Will ripen soon the fruits of thought.

209. Stoppage of speech if fools would choose
The wise would count it true virtues.

210 If a good servent I would find
I'd choose myself and ease my mind.

200.

211. If I, like Peter, Christ deny
Then let his grace my heart supply.

212. Buy what you need not, then you'll see
Soon must sell your necessity.

213. It has been said "The acts of men
Are written with an iron pen."

214. My foot slipped and I felt the sprain;
My tongue, and others felt the pain.

215. True virtue doth all fear destroy
And give instead a gush of joy.

216 Grace to the body, we should find,
Is what good Sense is to the mind.

217. Eat thou to live and see old age
But live to eat, thy hearse enlarge.

218. He who strews tacks for other's feet
Should not go bare upon the street.

219 Will let no man behold my face
Where God's book would look out of place.

220. We welcome gladly to our home
Friends that to often do not come.

221. Praise in her modesty doth lag,
But flattery comes like Agag.

222 None better than the ant doth preach,
By silent labor doth he teach.

223. Don't at your neighbor's house throw stones
While you are made of flesh and bones.

224 Speech is a gift we all enjoy;
A prize we often misemploy.

225. If you will do what you should not
You must receive the sinner's lot.

226 Trust not him who in a smooth way
Approves all that you have to say.

227. With increased greatness all men see
Comes more ~~cares~~ responsibility

228. Ne'er do a thing you'd wish undone
Viewed by a future rising sun.

229. True beauty's mission God hath given.
To cheer our way from earth to Heaven.

230 Do what you ought and live at ease;
What you ought not, and pleasures cease.

231 As life is in the germ unseen,
So souls communicate between.

232 Thy education's a success
If used to bring man happiness.

233. Employment may, sometimes, bring pain,
But leisure, misery must gain.

234 An old young man, wise people say,
Will a young old man be, some day!

235. X-rays to search the heart and mind
Might make men less to sin inclined.

236. A secret three may keep, it's said,
Provided two of them are dead.

237 There's been as great men died unknown
As ever sat upon a throne.

238. Man has the tiller in his hand,
The storm-breakers he may withstand.

239. Falsehood is neither wise nor nice:
Why peddle, then, the loathsome vice

240 Death hath no terror and no woe
Unless our life hath made it so.

241 When man on earth has done his best
His dying hour for him is blest.

242 Men who are slow to yield to wrath
Know how to walk in wisdom's path.

243 The quality of heat and haste
Are speedy loss, decay, and waste.

244. Now is the day of reconing,
We must our deeds to judgment bring.

245 So greedy is envy for his pelf
For want of prey, preys on himself.

246 Take care of life while you have breath
The Lord will care for you in death.

247 Hast thou then hated, yet not known
E'en silent hate is Satan's throne?

248 The saving find some things are cheap
That wasteful find too dear to keep.

249. We understand, and well discern
What has been troublesome to learn.

250. All this days burdens we can bear
But add tomorrow's then despair.

251 Contend in wisdom with a fool
And make yourself his folly's tool.

252 Some destiny each moment seals,
Some opportunity, lost, feels.

253 Men who make policy their rule
Will soon exclaim, "Oh what a fool!"

254. Down deep in wisdom's cave they brought
A thinker, prisoner of thought.

255 A miser till he's a rich man,
And he will rob you if he can.

256. The hypocrite his name dislikes,
But in the Devil's work delights.

257. Hate furrows deep the brow in life,
And fits the soul for endless strife.

258 I find that good men, as a rule,
Are most exposed to ridicule.

259. Those children playing round the hearth
Are brightest jewels found on earth.

260. From disappointments we should learn
To prudent be at every turn.

261. A child teach young its speach to hold,
For soon enough 'twill speak too bold.

262. The envious are poor and lean,
And judge their prosperous neighbors mean.

263. Swift ideas on immortal wings
God's blessing oft to people brings.

264. Peril in temptation lies
In parleying: Think, and be wise!

265. A life of wory and of fret
Will never pay a cent of debt.

266. Years teach us more than many books;
And words oft teach much less than looks.

267. The ills from which we mostly flee
Are those that never ought to be.

268. It's best a loving mean to choose,
E'en though we love and sometimes loose.

269. I trust that loved ones I have lost
Will meet me when the vale I've crossed.

270. The whole creation moves intent
To one divinely sealed event."

271. Like upturned trees he who disputes
In boughs is mighty — weak in roots.

272. Shall I at home encourage strife
By talking back to my dear wife?

273. Shall I at home encourage strife,
Make husband tired of married life?

274. My child from me has never heard
A profane or a smutty word.

275 A wife's and husband's life should be
Filled full of words of purity.

276 The will is monarch of the mind,
To despotism oft inclined.

277. The great, the [illegible], the wise, the good
Dwell [illegible] and solitude.

278. The burden of my song is praise,
Faith my [illegible] in stormy days.

279 Be holy [illegible] advice,
Hold [illegible] Christ.

280 The work of [illegible], I find,
Give [illegible] rest of mind.

281. Thy home [illegible] not control.
Try love: twill sweeten any soul.

282 True love will sweeten any soul
Where law has failed to keep control.

283. Death is the dropping of the bloom
To give the spirit greater room.

284 Lord give my soul sweet rest in Thee,
Since for thy self thou madest me.

285 Lord give the means we ask of Thee
To come to what we ought to be.

286. Who borrows shapeth his own fate
The loss of [illegible] and of estate.

287. A woman may for wisdom stand
By wielding power for good o'er man.

288. If in good sayings I've no skill
In silence I can do no ill.

289. Take courage, soul, in truth be brave,
And thus your life from ruin save.

290 If wastefulness be judged a crime
The greatest sin's the waste of time.

291 Unfinished work is sad, but one
is sadder, that that's ne'er begun.

292. Make up your mind what you will do
The world invites in helping you.

293 If you know not what next to do
The world will scorn and laugh at you.

294 If you from duty shrink and frown
The world will shout and keep you down.

295 The test of joy, we all must find
Is thoughts of what we've left behind.

296 If faults in others you should see
Remember you have two or three.

297 So many minutes slip away
That should be caught and used each day.

298. If you'd help men to upward rise
Encourage more than criticise

299, Try thou each day to live as though
Your thoughts all men about you know.

300, Fortune will call where smiles abound
But turn its back upon a frown.

301 He who his errors can't discern
Never sees a chance to live and learn.

302, Why should we mourn when loved ones die
Since they are guests of God on high?

303, If I know not why I should speak
I should remain in silence meek.

304, Who hath great ideas best of all
Knows how to do his duties small.

305 When I've deep feelings, I have less
The power my feelings to express.

306 "By and by" is on the street
Where I and blessings never meet.

307, Though dark and thorny is the way
I'll conquer if I'll God obey.

308, If I'll but read the best book first
I'll not desire to read the worst.

309 If I would climb to heaven above
I must ascend on rounds of love.

310. Instead of gems, pray let me send
The gift of love to you, my friend.

311 What e'er I may be, this I find
That I'm like other men inclined.

312. Speak of thyself and show thy dross
And then repent thy shameful loss.

313. The world is full of judgement days
Since men do judge of all thy ways.

314 The greatest peace-maker, I find,
Is silence, both of tongue and mind.

315 Each act of service is a light
That leads thy soul to greater height

316 Blest be the soul through all his years
That bravely meets his toils and fears.

317. Sing on, tired soul, thy songs are blest:
For singing gives to thee sweet rest.

318. Thy duty do thy whole life long
That life may be one grand sweet song.

319 The past is gone and wise is he
Who looks to time that is to be.

320 So while they bloom to pluck the rose
Wait not until the season's close.

321 Write on thy heart with gladsome cheer,
"This is the best day of the year."

322 I can do well one thing, I choose;
A dozen things, and all things loose.

323. He who in others looks for sin
Might sooner find it stored within.

324 Serene is nature to the soul
Who sees that God is over all.

325 How many owe success in life
To their determined onward strife.

326. The key that opes success to you
Is this, — I will; I must; I do.

327. Endeavor is a jewel fine,
The more it's used the brighter shines.

328 Some might with wisdom's store be blest
Had they not been selfwise possessed.

329 Our perfect lives we fix our eyes
And struggle onward win the prize.

330 If heaven within hath well begun
Our heaven beyond is all but won.

331 New life is by new thoughts made strong
Old thoughts long kept are thoughts all gone.

332. No man is useless here below
Who lightens any brother's woe.

333. As we our ideas build up higher
So we to heaven draw still nigher.

334. Some people always seeking light
Never look where skies are bright.

335. A thousand rooms though I should own
I'm buried in a narrow one.

336. The influence of mother may
Be felt when she's long passed away.

337. What we think great, is to us might,
So our <u>true</u> self is always right.

338. He who respects himself will find
Respect and love from all mankind.

339. Strive to be faultless all thy days,
Then God and man will give thee praise.

340 'Tis good that we forgive and yet
'Twere better if we could forget.

341 Not all who longest pray, or most,
Are fullest of the Holy Ghost.

342. We should not think that it is strange
When wise men's views do sometimes change.

343, Mark not thou out my course in life
Nor seek to choose for me my wife

344 A wise man knows he little knows;
A fool of his great wisdom blows.

345, Show me a liar, its my belief
That in himself I'll see a thief.

346 Who sows wild oats in early years
In old age reaps his folly's tears.

347 He who thinks other men are mean
Should hide himself behind a screen.

Meaner than a Safe Cracker.

The man who blows my safe to smash
Is not as mean as he
Who puts on interest the cash
That he owes unto me.

Does Heaven Bow to You.

My child from me hath never heard
A profane or a smutty word;
If this is true of you, kind friend
All heaven bows and says "Amen."

January.

Oh thou with one face looking to the past,
At rainbows and at shadows over cast;
The other looking to the future sees
A new year with its possibilities.

Thy dual face we can not quite admire;
Perchance we may of the wrong face inquire,
So we are always glad to see the day
When Time has come to Janus drive away.

So January, from us quickly 'go';
Thou'rt cross as folks that we regret to know;
One balmy day and then comes one with tears,
Next, comes a blizzard tingling our ears.

Like people we've had to visit us,
We greeted them with warm and friendly buss.
At first were welcome, but they stayed so long
Our hearts rejoiced to know that they were gone.

And now this one thing more I'd like to say,
Since thou art likely to return some day
We'd all be glad if thou couldst be able
To make thy stay less disagreeable.

February.

Dear February, — month of love,
When birds do mate, and youths divine
Each other's wooing hearts to prove,
By choosing each his valentine.
In good old times youths used to sport
At mapple sugar stirring bees,
And young men used their lasses court
While pulling taffy clean of lees.
And in this month — the second day —
As sure ~~[illegible]~~ as groundhogs e'er were born,
(So our good grandmothers would say)
The groundhog comes out in the morn,
And if his shadow he should see
His den again he quickly seeks,
And sure as sure can ever be
He sleeps for six long wintry weeks,
But if its cloudy all that day
This wise old marmot knows its spring,
So he stays out to brouse and play,
And listen to the birdies sing.

March.

Blow gales, ye west winds! Let them blow!
Wail on, ye March-winds, wail!
Snow! yes, let passing flurries snow!
Drive hail, and let the winds drive hail!
Let elements their anger muster,
For March is known by storm and bluster.

Pour down, ye rains, in torrents pour!
Swell little streamlets; let them swell!
Roar on, ye rising rivers, roar!
Yell! All ye storm-tossed seamen yell!
But let them still their courage muster,
For March would not be March less bluster.

Peace! Peace! We soon will have sweet peace!
Spring! and soon the green will spring!
Cease, ye cold storms! Yes they must cease!
Sing, blue-birds! Let all nature sing,
But not till March winds fail to muster,
And April showers give place to bluster.

April.

Sweet April days we hail with praise,
  Thy smiling sun and showers;
The winter king has broken his sway,
  And lost his blustry powers.

Fierce winter cold, so long so bold,
  Yields now to springtime showers;
The smiling sun has just begun
  To revive the sleeping flowers.

No sleet, no snow, no blizzards blow;
  No freezing zero weather
The sun is king, and glad birds sing,—
  All nature sings together.

How very sweet it is to greet
  Returning springtime pleasures
That follow bold the winter cold,
  With sunny budding treasures.

May.

Rejoice, and let the Courts of Love revive
Come forth thou lovely Lady May;
With blushing Lady Flora take a drive,
Upon this happy festal day.

Ye Circus Maximus, come now with sports,
And light your fires upon the hills;
Come, now bedeck your houses, gates and courts,
Your trade-shops and your toiling mills.

Make glad this happy time— this gaily day—
The welcomed most of all the year;
Our happy Floralia— Our own sweet May,
Of all our festivals most dear.

As it was when Apollo was her god;
Or the Lemuria was grave;
Or Catharine Queen a Maying road abroad,
Our festival, sweet May, we'd save.

The month of all the year most glorious fair,
While all is clothed in bright new green,
Sweet fragrant blossoms blushing every where—
Of all the year let May be Queen.

June.

Oh lovely, rosey, blooming June!
Oh fragrant, balmy, perfect days!
Thy warming sun and silvery moon
Make glad our hearts to sing thy praise.

Look o'er the waving meadows green,
And listen to lifes happy tune.
Rare beauty every where is seen,
In bright and festive Northern June.

The growing wheat the breezes stir;
The springing corn and bursting flower;
The rippling lake and rivulets purr,
All feel thy strong life giving power.

With energy our beings thrill;
We from thy golden chalice drink,
The earth with gladness thou dost fill,
Thy palace arch to heaven linked.

July.

A Sonnet.

Quintilis, thou of centuries long gone,
When Rome for Julius Caesar was in tears,
And men were full of constant doubts and fears;
Time in uncertainty her dates had drawn,
While March presided at the New Year's dawn,
Until wise men had learned the length of years
And honor did the head of all their peers;
Marked off Quintilis and July wrote on.
The world did not adopt the change with speed,
But only by degrees the change was made;
As superstition and long use of forms
Gave way to wisdom; then men saw their need
And in reluctance wisdom's voice obeyed
For wider reforms have come by burst of storms.

August

The August grass is on the hill,
The valleys clothed in green,
And pinks and myrtle low by the rill,
A blooming scarlet sheen—
Beautiful world of God!!

The brown stone wall with ivy clad;
The cows are in the lane;
The farmer sings; his heart is glad,
His barn is full of grain—
Oh perfect days of God!

The orchards bend with apples red;
The fields are full of corn;
Ripe pears are hanging overhead,
And plums drop every morn—
Beneficent our God!

There's sweet perfume among the trees;
There's honey in the comb;
There's soothing balm upon the breeze;
The farmer feasts at home—
Oh, all providing God!

September.

Old Sol is riding southward home,
The Equinox astride;
And Old Jack Frost will shortly come:
Upon the wind he'll ride.
His herald is a duster
That comes with storm and bluster,
But slyly Jack creeps after,
While you sleep 'neath your rafter,
So bring in wood and stir the ember
For Jack Frost's coming in September.

Bring in the apples, by all means;
Drink cider when you're dry;
And save the fodder and the beans,
And feast on pumpkin pie.
Just watch the good wife splutter
While stirring apple-butter.
Oh my, what fun they're having,
Those boys and girls all laughing,
While gathering nuts in the tall timber,
When Jack Frost comes in old September.

Now mend your broken window panes;
Inspect your fireplace flues;
Bring out your blankets and your jeans,
Your overcoats and shoes,
For Jack will search your liver,
And make you shake and shiver,
If napping he should find you,
So I write to remind you.
That bare-foot kid should this remember
Sly old Jack Frost comes in September.

Our Hoosier Girls.

Give me the Hoosier girls
And you may have the rest;
'Tis not because they are the most,
But 'cause they are the best.
You search the world and where,
In other peopled lands
Are girls so handsome, noble, fair,
As these, our Hoosier maids?

1866.

October.

I love the bright October morn,
With its frost-diamond sets
That come our meadows to adorn,
With brilliant sparklets.

The forests clothed in beauty rare,
Of gold and crimson hue;
Their leaflets drop in showers where
The sunlight 's peeping through.

I love the bright October days,
The golden of the year;
I welcome them with song and praise,
For they are full of cheer.

All nature now is seeking rest
The summer toils are o'er
With plenty all the land is blest:
Ring joy-bells ever more.

November.

We hail the good November morn,
With skies so blue and bright;
We up and off at early dawn
For woodland—youthful delight

Oh native woodland brown and dear!
When frost hath killed the leaves;
Oh nutting time! Best of the year;
When "ripening" hickory trees.

When showers of nuts come tumbling down,
We scamper to one side,
Lest falling nuts should crack our crown,
A thing they've sometimes tried.

"The Jolly Huntsmen" sing with zeal,
"Squire Jones's Daughter," too;
"The Sailor Boy," "My Spinning Wheel,"
"My Girl in High-heeled Shoes."

November is the month of joys,
For frolics night and day,
We're merry laughing, romping boys
At labor or at play.

December.

Give me old December,
With charms that await,
In merry time frolics,
O'er ice ponds to skate.

The jingle of sleigh-bells,
My sled on behind,
And coasting down hillsides
Just pleased my mind.

No end to the pleasures
That I may employ
When out of my school-room,
To heighten my joys.

I watch the great snow-storm,
Its frolicsome sport;
I battle with snow-balls,
Help build a snow fort.

And then old December
Is crowned above all,
With Christmas-time blessings
For great and for small.

Marches and Battles.

1. Dear Comrades, you remember well,
The days of long ago,
When all the States in treason fell,
South of the Ohio.
Another nation they would frame,
Robbing our country free,
And gave it boldly wrote the name:
Southern Confederacy.

2. Jeff Davis cried aloud for help
To raise this nation new
And tens-of-thousands with a yelp,
To his assistance flew.
E'er Abram Lincoln took his seat,
They, in their treason bold,
Had seized our forts and navy fleet;
Our gold and arms they stole.

3. But good old Abram, brave and true
Went out to meet the foe;
But not with sword nor saber drew,
He kindly to them rose.
"Come back!" he said, "Why thus rebel?
Why madly disagree?
I vow your rights I will not sell,
Nor set your negroes free."

4. But on they went in blindness bold,
And Sumter took by force;
Then Abram called for men and gold,
And made a mull, of course.
Brave seventy-five full thousands true,
Went forward at the call,
And gold was furnished, plenty too,
To clothe and arm them all.

5 'Twas spring-time, eighteen sixty-one,
With drum and bugle sound,
This dreadful struggle was begun
To tear the South-land down;
But darker grew the Southern sky
As summer sped away,
And many fell to bleed and die
E'er came the winter day.

6. Then summer came in sixty-two,
And like the brave of yore,
Old Abram called for sixty in blew,
Six hundred thousand more.
The Eighty-fourth, with all the rest
Of Indiana's true,
Brave volunteers of loyal breast,
Put on the royal blue.

7. With hearts resolved to do or die,
   Our good old flag to shield,
The regiment, in spirits high,
   Went on the tented field.
With many tender, loving ties
   That fate of war must sever
And many lingering sad good-byes,
   To meet again, no never.

8. From Rome to Covington's bold height,
   In line of battle blue;
But Kirby Smith dared not to fight;
   And all his force withdrew.
Then up along Big Sandy bay
   Till spring time sixty-three;
Then down the river sped away
   For fields in Tennessee.

9. Through valleys and o'er mountains high,
   Our long and wearied tramps;
Full many a village passing by;
   From field to field our camps.
Marched on, still on to victory;
   We drove the stubborn foe;
For our dear flag of liberty
   We dealt the victor's blow.

10. Through Chickamauga's awful flame
The Eighty-fourth stood true,
And fought to save our flag from shame:
The old red, white and blue;
And when outnumbered by the foe,
We stood and fought the same;
While scores, with Captain Ellis, low,
For God and country slain.

11. 'Twas here Frank Ellis, noble son
Of his great-hearted sire,
Saw father fall and to him ran,
Full of the patriot's fire;
And stooping by the prostrate form,
His father's belt he drew,
Lead gallantly the men still on,
With father's sword so true.

12. In the Fourth Corps we now assigned,
With Thomas, tried and true,
When Sherman's campaign was designed
To cut the South in two.
We fought near the enemy
Till winter's storms were o'er
Then marched through Georgia, strong
were we,
In eighteen-sixty-four.

13 Through Buzzard Roost and Tunnel Hill,
And on to Rocky Face,
Where Colonel W. A. Boyd fell
While leading in the chase;
Still on to Dalton through the street,
Upon the foeman's track;
The Eighty-Fourth neer knew defeat
And neer was driven back.

14. 'Twas here a villain of our own,
Saw three or four in gray,
Who for the love of their dear home
From comrades stole away;
But our poor villain drawing nigh,
Occasion quickly found;
With an assassins heartless fear
Shot one poor trustful down.

15 Resaca's field, the foe was brave,
And fought with desparate might,
Our cannon's roar and banners wave
In battle day and night.
With hundreds dead upon the field
And valleys steeped with gore,
The stubborn foe was forced to yield
And give the battle oer.

16 But on we went and met again
At Kingston and at Cass,
And o'er the mountains, 'crost the plain,
We met the foe in mass
Along the Little Pumpkin Vine.
Our men were well secured
In ditches 'long the battle line,
While cannons loudly roared.

17. Day after day, night after night,
Earth-rending volleys pour,
And blazing shells sent streaks of light
The heavens arching o'er.
In fourteen days the rebel forts
Were battered to the ground,
And then was hushed the dread reports
Of battle's awful sound.

18. Pine Mountain, next, with ax and spade,
Shovels, picks, and spikes,
Our breastworks were securely made,
And we were in our dikes;
On mountain top was General Polk,
Our battery by our side,
And when it had its silence broke,
That foeman leader died.

19. Lost Mountain then we fought and won,
Where on a rugged path,
Our gallant Captain Simonson,
Artiller, Chief, met death.
Still fiercer grew the hand-pressed foe,
More desperate the strife,
As if more stopped to think, or know
The value of a life.

20 And next to Kenesaw we came
The nineteenth day of June,
We carried nails from fence and grain
By light of sullen moon;
And in the light of the dull ray
Some one the warning spoke,
"We're mingling with Rebel Gray,"
Both parties line-ward broke.

21 More deathly yet rivers missils come,
And almost hand to hand,
Like driven cattle men were dumb:
Before the butchers stand.
Ah, dreadful hours! Who can tell
O' the Twenty-seventh of June?
When hundreds dead and wounded fell
And forest fires consumed.

22. And Marietta next was ours,
Beyond the mountains high;
At Neal Dow Church, we fought for hours,
The fourth day of July;
At Peachtree Creek we met again;
Atlanta there nearby;
The final goal of our campaign
Now lay before our eye.

23. Atlanta fell, as you all know,
And Sherman, "Now," says he,
"With my great army I will go
Still onward to the sea;
But Thomas and his men are true,
I'll leave them here with Hood."
The "Yankies" knew not what to do,
Nor what we "Yankies" would.

24 We met again at Broad Creek,
And next at Jonesboro,
Where wounded, dying men fell thick
Before the desperate foe.
At Love Joy, again we met
Where Hood bethought a trick,
"I'll go to Nashville, and I'll bet
I'll make the Yankees sick"

25. So he marched Northward in all haste,
His flight none to dispute,
While Thomas followed close in chase,
But by another route.
At Franklin we arrived first,
To intercept the foe;
And waited for the very worst,
Apparently a woe.

26. Foot-worn and weary, sick and sore,
We met the wily foe;
In deadly conflict, many a score
Lay in death's valley low.
And mid the foemen's shout and din
We left the field to them,
A final victory to win
With lighted loss of men.

27 Then back to Nashville's fortified hight,
In order good we sped
'Twas under cover of the night
Our sore fatiguing tread.
Securely we awaited then
The coming of the foe
While ditches round our "works" had been
Flooded with rain and snow.

28. The foemen legions charging came
Upon our breastworks flank;
To jump the ditches was their aim
And make us "Yankies" walk;
But tripping on a little wire—
A cunning planned device—
They tumbled headlong in the mire
Of water, mud and ice.

29 Then up we sprang and pulled them out—
We would not have them drown—
To warm and dry them, then we thought,
We'd send them all to town.
And thus Hood's bravest, leading file,
We took in out the wet;
And all the rest distracted wild,
Their forces Southward let.

30 These, followed by the straggling rear,
Who stay back in the rear,
With all their might they Southward near,
And we pursued them near.
But soon they were all forced to yield,
Both officers and men,
And Hood's whole army, rank and field,
Had come unto an end.

31. Then down to Huntsville we did tramp,
On January day;
And builded us a winter camp,
And whiled the time away
Till spring, and then we eastward sped
To intercept old Lee,
Who had away from Richmond fled,
Perhaps for liberty.

32. While here the news flashed o'er the land,—
'Twas sad and yet the truth—
"Our Lincoln's fallen by the hand
Of the assassin, Booth."
Thus at the dawn of peace, glad morn,
When all seemed bright and clear,
Our hearts with bitter grief were torn
For one we loved so dear.

33 When Washington heard the assassin's foul shot,
And knew that our chieftain was dying
He hastened and sought the ill-fated spot,
While angels around him were flying.
And when from the earth Lincoln's spirit took flight,
And when he'd received his caressing,
The angel band crowned him with stars sparkling bright
And now in bright glory he's resting.

34. Now Lee surrendered as you know,
Down in the old North State;
And we to Nashville then did go
Our muster out to wait.
'Twas June in eighteen-sixty-five,
Upon the fifteenth day,
We, all of us that were alive,
Came home in piece to stay.

35. But many are the fallen brave
Left in the sunny South,
And some of them sleep had a grave,
Their bones strewn broad about;
And what of that, their spirits true,
Did up to God ascend:
The God of our Red, White and Blue,
The trusting soldier's friend.

36. But hark! I hear the thunders roll
Though many years have passed
The flashing blaze and smoke behold
In battle's deadly blast.
My comrades, you remember all,
Forget, I never will!
Who saw a comrade bleeding fall
Will see him bleeding still

37. Now what of those we called our foes,
Do we hold hatred still?
No! More than we they felt war's woe,
Their bitter cup to fill.
A balm of sympathy we cast
O'er them, nor dare we recall
The conflicts of the bloody past;
For we are brothers all.

1886.

How Many are the Battles.

How many are the battles?
How many are the plains?
How many brother's boys
Can ne'er come home again?

How many are the heart-aches?
How bitter are the tears.
For all the soldiers fallen
In these war blighted years?

How many weeping widows?
How many orphan sighs?
How many hearts are aching
For near and loving ties?

Oh God, our Father, save us,
And clear this war's dark night;
Oh God forgive our fathers
For slavery's subtile blight.

Nashville Tenn., 1863.

The Picket Post.

How slow time seems to pass away!
While comrades sleep I vigil keep!
Out from our camp on watch obey,
From morn till night and night till day,
In the dark woodland I must stay,
On picket guard to stand
With armor on and gun in hand.

I dread the dark and chilly night!
While comrades sleep I vigil keep!
Of many friends not one in sight;
The stars refuse to send me light;
All nature though sometimes so bright
From me has hid her charms
And left me in the tempter's arms.

I dread to hear the howling winds!
While comrades sleep I vigil keep!
All dark without and fear within!
Fictitious foes before me grin;
And screeching trees their speech begin!
With words of tempting ghists,
Of subtile powers they seem to boast.

The trickling brook I dread to hear!
While comrades sleep I vigil keep!
The murmuring waters, oh, how drear!
They fill my soul with chilling fear,
Bring to my eyes the starting tear;
That voice, that solemn tone
Reminds me that I am alone.

Through anxious years I must endure.
The vigil keep while comrades sleep!
Our country's honor to secure,
By crushing this rebellious corps,
And bring it 'neath our flag once more,
In peace and loyal pride
Within the Ship of State to guide.

Written while on picket in East Tenn.
1864.

To Barbara.

'Tis sweet to be remembered kind,
By heart like thine so pure;
For e'er with best friends here I find
That I am not secure.

I'm not secure from vice and sin,
From tempter's luring snare;
Though I strive hard to live for Him
Who hears and answers prayer.

Coarse are the friends that here I meet,
They wicked sometimes prove;
And oft I sigh thy self to greet,
When thinking of thy love.

Thou dost remember, Barbara, dear,
The days not long ago,
When naught we knew of wars to fear
So peaceful seemed life's flow.

Ah, little did we think, or dream,
E'er those two years ago,
How fierce war's dreadful bloody stream;
How dark and full of woe.

But since we've seen our comrades fall,
And heard the dying groan
Of men pierced through by leaden ball,
We pray for peace and home.

For peace with honor to our cause—
'Tis right that thus we pray—
Great God set free from slaveries jaws;
Our arms give triumph's sway.

God save our Nation, is our prayer,
United strong and true;
Our Flag respected everywhere—
The old Red White and Blue.

Nashville Tenn, 1863.

The poem that follow this notice was the authors first effort in writing poetry. It was commenced on the evening of February 16th 1863 while he, with his regiment were in transit down the Ohio from West Virginia and up the Cumberland to Nashville on board the steamer Boston, and just as they were leaving the Ohio at Smithland Kentucky.

A Solemn Sunset.

Golden on the western hilltops,
Sinks the pale and fading sun;
Dimmer grows the changing shadows,
For the day is almost done.

Green and purple glows the ripples,
'Neath the low Ohio's sky;
Birds that seek their forest shelter
To the dark'ning hillsides fly.

Golden sunshine disappearing;
Fading colors on the stream;
Duller glows the pure white steamboat,
In the fast retreating gleams.

Up the Cumberland now steaming,
From fair Northland's native shore,
Knowing as those hills grow darker.
We speed on to fields of gore.

While these vallies vail in darkness—
Bid adieu to setting sun—
Speed we Southward to the battle,
There to fight till victory 's won.

But we know the sun returning
Will drive back the dark and gloom,
So shall freedom win the struggle—
Drive rebellion to its doom.

Bear us on, thou noble Boston,
Up to Nashville and still on;
We must march and push the battle
Till the night of war is gone.

A Soldier's Pride.

I would gladly go visit the fields
one time more—
The most sacred old fields of that
long ago time,
When our camp-tents white dotted the
landscape all over,
And when I was a soldier, my
youth in its prime.

I rejoice when I think of the worth of the part
That I took in my country's defence like a man,
When misguided men south — they were true men at heart —
Rose against their own nation rebelling to stand.

They fought hard — our dear country they tried to destroy;
Yes, they struggled to ruin the "Flag of the Free;"
But we conquered and saved it, and now it's their joy;—
'Tis their glory and ours, and ever shall be.

How I heartily wish with my sons we could stand
Or a few of the fields where so desp'rate we fought—
Fields where I with my comrades so noble and grand,
In the presence of death stood like true soldiers ought.

Yes, I wish they might peacefully stand there
one hour,
Where the rebels, mad, fought in the face
of their sire,
That their hearts might but feel for a mo-
ment the power
Of, at least, a faint glow of a patriot's
fire.

I would show them where, after the battle
was o'er,
My beloved dead comrades we buried
with care;
While our rifles were stacked near our
little tent door,
When alone in Thanksgiving I offered
my prayer.

I would show them o'er many a field we
had fought,
Help them count the low graves of the
thousands of dead;
And the spot which most sacred to them I
have thought
Would be that where their father of
wounds sore had bled.

I would point them to where in the evening our hymns
Rang in echoes through mountains and back to me came;
And where oftimes alone in the starlight so dim,
I, on picket, was target for enemy's aim.

In a patriot's spirit I proudly would tell
Them of freedom's best boast, our America grand;
I would pray they might treasure the Ideal of the spell,
And be worthy their father, their God and their land.

And I proudly would show them the sacred spot where
I once stood in the breeze 'neath the floating flag's furl,
My first letter I opened from her hand so fair:
'Twas their mother who wrote it and placed there a curl.

1903.

All is Well.

Oh! awful silence, deep and strange,
The battle hushed 'long Coosa's range.
Resaca in death's slumber lies,
A solemn lull 'neath smoke-stained skies.
And deeper yet, like tolling bell,
Peals signal cannon, "All is well."
Ah! "All is well, the echo said,
While fields with human blood are red;
And mothers for their sons must weep,
While conquering soldiers vigil keep.
"The price is paid," the signals tell,
The foe hath fled and "All is well.

On Resaca's battlefield May 15. 1864.

The enemy left in the evening and the Union army was divided into two parts with a few miles of country and the Coosa river between them. A signal shot was fired by one division of the army and answered by the other every fifteen minutes all night.

Going Home From The War.

Fare-you-well, old Tennessee,
We're going home; we're going home;
We never again your soil may see,
We're going home; we're going home.
Long have we trod o'er hill and plain;
Many a battle field did gain,
Where many comrades low are lain
Far, far from home; far, far from home.

Fare-you-well, thou sunny clime,
We're going home; we're going home.
Ye hills where rushing waters chime,
We're going home; we're going home.
Many a pleasant day we've past,
While ~~while~~ resting from the battle's blast,
Of low'ring cannon's lead and cast,
Far, far from home; far, far from home.

Fare-you-well thou bloody field,
We're going home; we're going home.
Where many a noble heart did yield,
We're going home; we're going home.
Fare-you-well ye comrades brave,
Who fought with us our flag to save,
But now do fill a southern grave,
Far, far from home; far, far from home.

Nashville Tenn. 1865.

Be What Thou Art.

If thou wouldst win thy mortal foe—
Wouldst make of him thy trusted friend,
Let him, thy faithful candor know,
That in thy word he may depend.

Though with him thou may'st not agree,
Confess in frankness thine own view;
In fearless meekness let him see
That he will find thee firm and true.

Be what thou art: If man thou be,—
Be not a wolf in sheep's disguise;
Display thy true identity,
If true men's friendship thou wouldst prise.

1891

A Letter Address.

A message from a soldier, sealed,
To friend both true and kind,
In Franklin county, town, Fairfield,
In Indiana, find
This soldier's friend for me.
Miss Johnson, Sallie E.

The author mailed a letter addressed as above, from Huntsville Alabama in February 1865.

The End.

I dare not say "This is the end
Of this, my little book;"
But speed away, away again,
Find friends in every nook.

The writer's life must end on earth,
Though it be short or long,
But pray the thoughts I here send forth
May still cheer hearts with song.

God speed the good, the ill blot out,
If ill my readers see;
For, lack of wisdom, I've no doubt,
Has caused some fault in me.

Then speed thou on unto the end,
Bless souls yet far away;
Some ray of hope to hearts still lend,
Till comes eternal day.

1908

Huddleston and Poetry.

Verses from the pens of a number of Huddlestons.

Huddleston and Poetry.

Seth Huddleston and poetry
Associated fond and free.
His style dramatic most we find,
And he to romance was inclined.
His verses some of us have seen,
But they are now things that have been.

Then, Jonathan, Seth's only son,
In early life to write begun.
In prose he mostly took delight,
But poetry he too did write.
Some of his verses you may see,
Since we've preserved some two or three.
His years to eighty-seven ran:
A useful, earnest, noble man.

Lavinah was Seth's daughter, kind;
She too was of poetic mind.
One effort we will here preserve,
Which will as witness for her serve.
Her age at death was ninty-eight,
Yet never found a marriage mate.

Then, David, son of Jonathan,
Of Quaker poets he was one.
His years on earth were eighty seven,
And joyfully he went to heaven
Some of his verses we give space.
In honor of his noble grace.

And William was another son,
Whose writings, mostly, Christians shun.
But we have kept some two or three,
That were from criticism free.
A man of note in all his days,
Misunderstood in many ways.

Then Lydia, David's sister, she,
A Quaker staid and true as he.
Her rhymes portray her old time trend
Of mind she kept unto the end.

Lucinda, too; to read and write,
Seemed always to take great delight.
Acrostics was her skillful style;
Some bring to us a pleasant smile.
She hired her poetical skill
Along with Lydia, David, Will.
She lives today, but dead the rest,
Her parents thirteen children blest,
All with long lives of noble worth
Labored hard for good on earth,

So now, dear friends, you all can see
How Huddleston and poetry
Go hand in hand, the old and young,
The present as the past have done,
The sons and daughters of the race
Step bravely in their parents place
And wield the pen in righteousness,
In hope that they some soul may bless.

Solitary Thoughts.

What ground, alas, has any man
To set his heart on things below,
Which, when they seem most like to stand,
Fly as an arrow from a bow;
Things subject to external sense
Are to mutation most pretense.

If stately houses we erect,
And therein think we take delight
On what a sudden are we check't
And all our hopes made groundless quite:
One little spark in ashes lays
What we were building half our days.

If on estate an eye we cast,
And pleasure there expect to find,
A secret providential blast
Gives disappointment to the mind.

Who now 's on top e'er long may feel
The circling motion of the wheel.
If we our tender babes embrace
And comfort hope to have in them
Alas in what a little space
Is hope in them laid in the grave.
Whatever promiseth content
Is in a moment from us rent.

But is there nothing there that's sure
For man to fix his heart upon?
Will any thing always endure
When all these transient things are gone?
Sad state where man with grief oppressed
Finds nought whereon his mind may rest.

Oh, yes! there is a God above!
Who unto man, is always nigh;
On whose unalterable love
We may with confidence rely.
No disappointment can befall
Those loving Him that's All in all.

If unto him we faithful be
It is impossible to miss,
Of whatsoever he shall see
Conducible unto our bliss.
What can of pleasure him prevent
Who hath foundation in content?

In Him alone, if we delight
And in his precepts pleasure take
We shall be sure to do the right.
'Tis not His nature to forsake
His proper object, He's alone
For man to set his hopes upon.

By Lavina Hiddleston
Daughter of Seth Hiddleston. She lived to the age of 98 years, and died in 1875.

Upward, Onward.

Upward, Onward be our watchword,
Though the winds blow good or ill,
Though the sky be fair or stormy,
This should be our watchword still.
Upward, onward, in the battle,
Waged for freedom and the right;
Never resting, never weary,
Till a victory crowns the fight.

Upward, onward pressing forward,
Till each bondsman's chains shall fall,
Till the flag that floats above us,
Liberty proclaims to all;
Waking every morn to duty,
Ere the hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love and mercy
Crown the labors of each day.

By Jonathan Huddleston, son of Seth Huddleston. Published by him in his book, "The Monster of Iniquity," in 1836.

Disunion of the States.

× × × × × × × × × × ×

Oh, Lord! I exclaim while hot tears are
fast falling,
How long, O, how long shall this tyrant
prevail?
How long shall the seeds of disunion now
sowing,
Spring up in the hearts to make millions
bewail?

How long shall it be till the end of these
wonders?
When peace with her smiles shall be
in each breast
When brothers of southlands fanatical
numbers
Shall wound us no more with their
poisonous darts?

When men shall learn wisdom and act
from that station
Which freedom, religion and justice demand;
When these have enlightened our moral creation,
'Tis then thy dread thunderings shall
cease in our land.

O, welcome that period, the end of
encroachers:
When peace like a river shall flow
down our streets;
When men shall not suffer his neighbor's
reproaches,
But love and embrace him where
ever he meets.

By Jonathan Huddleston
Published by him in "The Monster of
Iniquity, in 1836.

Conclusion.

Now, reader, my book I submit unto thee,
Se if thou canst with its contents agree;
Whatever is worthless when put to the test,
Remember with care and forget all the rest;
Though my gold should be mixed with the
crudest of ore
Throw not thou the apple away with the core;
If thou cast away the whole thing as all vain,
Perhaps it will make me write over again.

By Jonathan Huddleston at the close of
his "The Monster of Iniquity," 1836.

Sixtieth Marriage Anniversary of David and Elizabeth Huddleston.

Thou, God of Life, our time we call,
To guide our footsteps lest we fall,
Since toth'rising age has come;
So be our staff, our hope, our stay,
Until that great eventful day
Shall call us to our home.

A home more spacious than we have,
While we live here, this side the grave
Though this has been enjoyed,
When earthly cares were not allowed
Too much to mingle as a cloud,
And heavenly bliss destroy.

As journeying onward, still we go
Through intervening shades, through far more
slow,
Since sixty years have run,
Since we in matrimonial life
Joined hand in hand as man and wife
And blended both in one.

And since these sixty years have run
Since we, our marriage life begun,
A retrospective view
Would bring to light a varied scene,
Where joys and sorrows intervene,
And many a blessing too.

A very wayward life we've trod,
We've sometimes raised our hearts to God
For his protecting care,
Which we with grateful hearts do own
Have through the clouds of darkness shown,
And called from many a snare

Thus hand in hand through life we go,
Through mingled scenes of joy and woe,
With cautious steps we tread;
And now as evening shades draw near,
We long to quit without a tear,
And mingle with the dead.

Our health holds out, and mainly good,
So we are ready for our food
Though tottering steps attend;
And with a cane I still can go,
To meeting, market, to and fro,
While neighbors kind befriend.

My age is eighty-five and more,
My wife has nearly reached fourscore;
A favor is it not,
That our unworthy lives have been
So lengthened out as to have seen
Such kindness to our lot.

By David, son of Jonathan
Huddleston.

The Spirit Above All.

The Spirit stands first as a primary rule,
And the Bible comes next in the heavenly school,
That seekers may learn by helps kindly
given
The highway on earth To the Kingdom of
heaven,

By David Huddleston, in which he
makes reference to doctrine of the Quaker
Church, to the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

A Parting Word.

The time has come when I must rest,
And take my home among the blest,
Where no defiling thing shall be
Permitted in eternity.

I've passed through many a battle sore,
But may not pass through many more.
Some of my ways have not been good,
But I have tried as best I could
To square them with the gospel plan
That springs from love to God and man.

Now as I look to closing here
It vivid doth to me appear,
That I should leave a watchword pure,
When I am gone, that will endure,
For those who I shall leave behind,
That they may ready bear in mind
The evils that surround us all
In our delusion from the fall.

By different roads and different modes
Men strive to serve the living God;
It makes it hard for us to know
The one in which we ought to go,
And each has rites and lights so clear
Which oft in brightness do appear;
But oft the one that should not stay,
Has dimmed the brigness of the way.

So light and darkness are combined
To dim the clearness of the mind,
And make it doubtful sure to know
The brightest way that leads from woe.

Written by David Huddleston one year before his death and left unfinished.

Infant Early Blest.

A happy infant early blest,
In quiet, peaceful slumber's rest;
Thy spotless spirit soon hath fled;
Thy body lingers with the dead

Thou didst not wait to walk with those
That still remain — The joys and woes
Of fleeting life in which we stay —
Must share more fully on our way.

As we more slowly tread the road
that leads from earth to that abode,
Where thy pure spirit now has gone
To join the blest angelic throng
Of saints and angels who now stand
In white array at God's right hand.

David Huddleston, on the death
the child of Eudoras and Mary Aldora
Dubroise.

Christians Should Not Sing.

God is a spirit - listen, aged friends and youth,
He's worshiped but in Spirit and in truth.
May all who seek for happiness be wise,
And ask for wisdom with impartial eyes.

Most surely singing in the modern way
Is inconsistent with the Gospel day,
And if I may, to speak the Truth, be bold,
Has no example in the days of old.

No precedent, nor precept, can be found
For it, in all the Sacred Volume bound.
Pronounce singing may with brilliance shine,
This does not prove the origin Divine.

'Tis far, indeed, from an unerring rule
That it's congenial to the Christian school,
Where pious Sages, and where seeking youth,
Are worshiping in spirit and in truth.

Christ never ordered his true Church to sing;
Twas, in his day, quite an unpresent thing.
A worship - if I may use the phrase -
Unknown to Jews, and all, of ancient days.

Sing - pleasing plan, without command at all;
An exotic that grew up in the fall;
Should this appear the sweetest on the ground?
See if substantial nourishment is found.

Though it may have, of choicest fruitage signs,
Take thou good notice, "All's not gold that shines;"
There may be fruit unfit for man to eat:
Many bitter prove that to the mouth was sweet.

When worshipers on vocal sounds are fixed,
Amusements of the creature will be mixed.
Christ, in his sermon on the mountain, framed,
The theme of notes, nor singing, never named.

The viol of Amos, he made not a choice,
Nor curious notes, nor tuning of the voice;
Did not on tunes please the fancy strike,
Nor instruments of music, David like.

The irreligious, who are proud and vain,
The art and passions of the world attain;
And notes, as taught in modern schools require,
Before the Lord they offer this strange fire.

They tell the Lord a falsehood in their pleasing song,
What never came to their rude state belong.
In a strange region they presume to sing
The songs of Zion's everlasting King.

By Lydia Swain, daughter of Jonathan Haddleston. She was born in 1806. Like all the Quakers of olden times she thought it wicked to sing or play on a musical instrument. She held these views to the time of her death.

Tobacco Smoker's Union.

Come, old and young, and hear me tell,
How strong tobacco smokers smell;
Who love to smoke their pipes so well
That for tobacco they will sell
Their rights to social union.

They always scent the atmosphere,
And you may know when one is near,
Though not a word from them you hear;
Their breath would strangle you, I fear,
While in their smoker's union.

They clean their pipestems with a wire,
Their fill the bowl and put in fire,
And smoke until it doth expire;
Nor do they ever seem to tire,
In their smoke-puffer's union.

Some times from three to six you'll see
Selected in one company;
And every fellow in a great glee
Resolve to have a smoker's spree—
A smoke and spitting union.

And there the smoke and fumes will rise,
Like morning fog toward the skies;
Then woe to him who hath weak eyes,
Unless he takes his leave and flies
Away from smoker's Union.

Within impudence they oft presume
To vex all persons in the room,
Who can't endure tobacco fume,
And they must bear their wretched doom,
Or leave the smoker's union.

Some have no money for the poor,
And send them hungry from their door;
Then haste away to some one's store,
And spend cash for tobacco more,
To burn in smoker's union.

Sometimes within the church-house door
They'll cast their quids, some three or four,
Or wife, or neighbor's wife to bore,
They'll spit on carpet, stove, or floor
And call it smoker's union.

By Lydia Swain; born Feb: 12, 1806; died Sept 25 1885.

Prayer

What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes often to be there.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, he failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? Ah think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."
By Lydia Swain.

Silent Worship.

Let deepest silence all around,
Its peaceful shelter spread;
So shall that living Word abound,
The Word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord,
In stillness and in prayer;
What though no preacher Spake a word
A Minister is there.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He knows the loftyst soul;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control.

And O! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given;
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul in heaven
Lydia Swain,

Harp Upon the Willow-Tree.

My tuneful harp I will not hang
Upon the willow tree,
But will forever sing the song
Of life and liberty.
While others bow to earths control,
And fear the tyrants rod
I'll raise my voice and feast my soul
Through Nature up to God.

I'll only ask to understand
The laws by which to rise;
And then assert my just demand
To soar into the skies.
I will maintain my sacred rights
To join the heavenly spheres,
While others cringe to vain delights
And dwell in doubts and fears.

My God is Wisdom, Knowledge, Power:
He's loving, kind, and true;
He gives me lessons every hour;
His books are always new.
He leads me forth in all his fields
And tells me to be free,
The purest gems which nature yields
Are all designed for me.

There is a light in every soul,
Unerring and divine;
Though dogged and clouded by earth's mould,
Still faintly it must shine.

It points to something still above,
For in the eternal world,
Where peace, and harmony, and love
In glory are unfurled.

Then break the bonds of earth's control,
Arise; stand up, erect,
In Godlike dignity of soul,
And noble self-respect;
And then, with philosophic claims
To happy realms above,
Eternal progress be our aims,
Our watchword, Truth and Love.

We'll trim our lamps, and make them
shine
To light us as we go;
There's naught too sacred, nor divine,
For mortal men to know.
And songs of joy shall fill our hearts
With thankful melody,
Nor will we ever hang our harps
Upon the willow tree.

William Huddleston 1850.

Book to lend.

Much pleased am I this book to lend
To each desirous reading friend;
With only this one requisition,
A prompt return in good condition.

William Huddleston.

A Voyage to the Moon.

Behold an object seems to rise,
  Majestic in the east,
Which fills with wonder and surprise,
  The mind of man and beast.

Surpassing man's exalted might,
  In splendor doth it rise,
As in the silent shades of night
  It mounts the upper skies.

The art of man can never boast
  To rival with the same,
For volumes written, saved and lost,
  Have given but a name.

What are thy beauties? Whence thy light?
  Astronomers may pry,
How are thy beams that cheer the night,
  And shrink before the day?

What sort of beings dost thou hold?
  As in thy vast domain;
Thy bowels, are they full of gold?
  Thy surface fraught with grain?

Are towering rocks and mountains high
  Upon thy surface seen?
And streams, and lakes, and forests dry
  And valleys low and green.

Thy orbit, how can man describe?
Thy place, how can we show?
Astronomers, and all their tribe
May not exactly know.

Thy path-way man would gladly seek
If he could hope to find.
What reason seems to plainly teach
May not be there designed?

Shall man presume on mountain high,
To climb up to the moon?
Or through the elements to fly?
Or up in a balloon?

Can philosophic reason teach
That man can soar so high?
That he by art the moon can reach,
Suspended in the sky?

Or more presumptuous, in stroll,
O'er horizontal plain,
Presume to find a lengthened pole,
His object thus to gain?

No — Let us seek by lawful ground,
The object proper to be found;
On which to think, or hope to gain;
And if we keep within our sphere,
We'll have no blasted hopes to fear,
And no occassion to complain.

William Huddleston,
Lotus, Ind, 1852.

A Borrowed Book.

If thou art borrowed by a friend
Right welcome he shall be
To read, to study — not to lend —
But to return to me;
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store
But books, I find, too often lent,
Return to me no more.

William Huddleston.

Leaving School.

In leaving all my schoolmates dear,
I join you in regret
That I no longer meet you here,
Where we've so often met;
And should we roam in far off lands,
As time speeds on its way,
Let's hope to meet, a happy band,
In never-ending day.

Lucinda Burket daughter of Jonathan Huddleston, born 1823, Still living.

Time

Yes, Time is ever on the wing —
Improve each passing hour —
Thy moments, rightly spent, will bring
The endless peace and power.

Lucinda Burket.

A Valentine.

A line I write, I thought I might,
Upon this noted day, sir;
To let you know I love you so—
It is the truth I say, sir.

Words can't express the tenderness
I feel for you my dove, sir;
Your sprightly sight, your ways polite
Are what I dearly love, sir.

And your dear voice; 'twould be my choice
To hear it every day, sir;
No music rare can it compare.
'Twould drive away my cares, sir.

Now then my Dear, these lines pray hear,
And answer quick the same, sir;
Perhaps you'll say "Who are you, pray?"
But you may guess my name, sir.

By Lucinda Burket.

For the Album.

This album page I spotless found,
When first it opened to my view;
But now Dear —— look on it
See who spoiled it for you.

Lucinda Burket.

Emigma.

I'm spelled with four letters,
Read the same either way;
I die in the night-time,
But live in the day.

Each day I do differ
From that has gone by;
Some times I am wet and
Some times I am dry.

Most people do know me
By rule and by time,
For eating refreshments—
I might say, to dine.

Lucinda Burket.

Acrostic: Verlinda.

Varied are the scenes of time,
Ever changing, ever new;
Round and round the seasons run,
Leaving still a work to do.
In the march of endless progress
Never falter by the way,
Duty bids us onward ever
Abiding as the endless day.

Lucinda Burket.

Acrostic.

E'er elevate the human mind,
Arouse the slumb'ring thought;
Shake off the shackles – leave behind
That which is good for naught.

Design to act a noble part,
Undaunted in thy course;
Be thou a boon to every heart;
Let every soul rejoice
In the many happiness we find
Nowhere on earth more pure.

E'er edify the human mind,
Vouch safe to each his share;
E'er onward be thy upward course;
Rich make each empty skull.
Grant thou to be a blessing's source,
Round which we all may dwell.
Encouragment is what we need –
Establish order good;
None but the orderly succeed.

So then be all we should.
Oh may we ever from day to day
Call forth a noble thought,
Improvement seek without delay,
E'er day with us is not.
This much we ask in humble faith
Yes, he is best who this much hath.

Lucinda Burket. 1858.

Acrostic, To My Brother.

Well, now to see what I can do,
In making rhymes and verse,
Let me just say I'll put it through,
Let it be bad or worse.
I've not been raised on poetry
As brother Billy Heald,
My style is bad as you may see;
His excellent and good.
Undaunted, then, steer on thy course,
Dear brother, while its day;
Dare still to speak of slavery's curse,
Lest she still holds her sway.
E'er onward still thy course to press,
Shrink not from duty's call.
Thanks for thy life the work to bless.
On, and still on, till life shall fail—
Now, don't abuse but please excuse
Your sister Lucinda Burket.
Jan. 13, 1859.

Acrostic:
To my niece Miss E. Johnson.

Ever may thy pathway be
Lamb-like as a soul divine.
Virtuous, bright, and light, and free;
Innocent, and pure— sublime.
Remain as ever thou hast been,
As lovely and as free from sin.
Lucinda Burket

Acrostic.

To my grand niece, Miss Nora Huddleston.

Now Nora as
On this you look
Remember me
And close the book
Lucinda Burket.

Acrostic.

To my grand niece, Miss Anna Huddleston.

As time is swift upon its wing,
Note well each passing hour,
Nor let them slip unheeded by
As they'll return no more.
Lucinda Burket.

Lessons to Learn.

There's lessons to learn from weal and
from woe;
There's lessons to learn where ever we go;
From every crook and every turn
There's every day some lessons to learn.
Lucinda Burket.

A Cloud Upon Thy Brow

A cloud upon thy brow will throw
New shadows o'er thy brother's woe,
And make life's pathway dreary;
A smile, in holy calmness given,
Will light thy brother's way to heaven,
And cheer the pilgrim weary.

By Mrs M. V. Lefever, daughter of Lucinda Burket.

Youthful Devotion.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youthful breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

By Miss M. H. Swain.
Daughter of Lydia Swain,
Written in her girlhood August, 1856.

Every Huddleston a President.

If every Huddleston could stand
As President of this great land
We'd many reign in every state,
And people all would count us great;
But since such can not be our lot,
No doubt its better that its not,
So let each member be content
And leave behind a life well spent.
Let's strive to make the world more bright,
And other's burdens help make light.
With all lifes duties nobly done,
With honors we have nobly won,
It matters not though we've not been
A president, nor his near kin;
But modest, upright let us be
In our duty striving prayerfully.

By Cyrus F. Swain.
Son of Lydia Swain.

Huddleston Blood.

The Huddleston blood runs through my veins
For while I write these lines,
I can not help it, they will arrange
Themselves right into rhymes.
And now if you will write to me
Just get your pen and try it,
Address your mail to H. H. Co.
You'll get a letter by it.

Written when a boy by the Rev H. H. Compton, great Grand son of Jonathan Huddleston.

Angels at the Gate.

I dreamed last night of a better land,
A heavenly home, an angell band;
Of rolling river, rippling streams,
By shady bowers and sunny gleams,
Where waters clear as crystal flow
And softest balmy breezes blow.
The walks were gold and golden gate
Beside which shining angels wait
To guide some soul to realms unknown,
But ere I spoke my dream had flown.
Oh, stay, just one sweet moment more!
For here upon this earthly shore
There is no hope except in God,
And here 'neath careless feet we've trod
The flowers that bloom to cheer the way,
To guide some soul to endless day.
Oh, shining angel at the gate
Wilt thou but just one moment wait
To tell me of that city fair.
I'd ask thee not that thou should'st share
With me the burdens I should bear,
But tell me of that land of God
Ere I lie sleeping 'neath the sod.
Oh, tell me of that city fair,
And I will my own burdens bear.
Come guide me softly from this shore,
When all my cares of life are o'er;
When God shall call me to my home;
When I shall here no longer roam.

By Mrs Lou Shrawder,
a sister to S. B. Huddleston.

No Snow in Heaven.

Long, and long I love to linger
Here by loved ones from me laid;
Though the cold, wild winds of winter
Lone, more lone the spot hath made.
Long and long I loves to linger
Though the cold wild winds do blow
And here lift my thoughts to heaven,
Where there is no ice — no snow.

No sweet birds now chant their music,
Snow and ice is everywhere.
Dear soul's not here but flown to heaven
Still I love to linger here.
Here beside the mound I linger
While the wintry winds hard blow,
And I lift my prayers to heaven
Where there is no ice — no snow.

Yes, my mind is upward wafted,
From this quiet lonely spot —
From the buried clay dividing —
Holy, heavenly, happy thought.
And 'alone while here I linger,
My poor soul doth long to go
To that land where there's no winter —
Where there is no ice — no snow.

Soon — but soon my thoughts returning,
Here, by earthly fetters bound;
Still pursuing life's journey,
Loved, and precious cares are found.

Sweetly rest, Love, while I linger,
Where the cold wild breezes blow;
But I pray in heaven to meet thee,
Where there is no ice, no snow,
By Mrs Lou Shrawder, after
the death of her husband Prof. W. H. Shrawder.

I'll sweep at my own door.

Now I have lived just fifty years;
Should I live fifty more,
I'm sure I'd try, and always try
To sweep at my own door.

For, I am sure it is enough
For any one to do
To never trouble any trouble
Till trouble troubles you.

And then its best to let it pass
I've found it so I'm sure
I've always had all I could do
To sweep at my own door.

It matters not what has been said
Of Susan, Mary, Jane,
Still I will toil and pass along,
I find it greater gain.

And now to all I'll kindly say—
I'll say it o'er and o'er,
That we'll all find it is the best
To sweep at our own door.

And 'twould do us but little harm,
As once my grand-ma said,
If we would give a brush or two,
Way back behind the bed.

And then the song, how does it go?
"From ceiling to the floor."
And this, "So clean the corners out,
Way back behind the door."
Mrs. Lou Shrawder.

To My Departed.

I grieve to think my eyes no more,
Thy charming features I shall see;
That sweet shall be, from memory's store,
To call thy graces back to me.

To fold thee in my hearts embrace,
And dwell o'er musings of the past,
Where far from thee my steps I trace,
And all alone in sorrow cast.

My eyes are dimmed with sorrow's tears,
My speech entombed within my heart;
Each moment draws the future near
When from thy grave I must depart.

When time and fate my memory wear,
In distant lands my path shall be,
Dear angel form, my heart shall bear
My absent one still close to me.

When other forms and friends I see,
Around my path on every side,
My memory still shall cling to thee —
Thou wert my hope, my only pride.

Thy parting words, though faint and broken,
Come stealing gently with a sigh —
Oh! would that it no more were spoken
That parting word, that sad good-bye.

But let me in thy love abide,
And in thy heart forever dwell;
Come near me, nearer to my side,
And say farewell, beloved, farewell.

By O. C. Huddleston,
On the death of his wife

O. C. Huddleston is a son of Nathan and grand son of Jonathan, and he has written many good poems, and he writes music.

Oration.

I go to school to read and write,
And try to learn with great delight;
But sometimes I am afraid to make a noise,
Like many other girls and boys.

'Tis oft we've met from day to day,
To learn to read and sing and play;
But soon our school days will be over
And we may part to meet no more.

But when I know my mission here,
With some regret I sadly fear
That I've as others idle been,
And learnings prize have failed to win.

To knowledge seek should be our theme,
For wisdom's ways we all esteem;
We hope much good to realize,
When we've earned learning's noble prize.

We've often met as schoolmates here,
And greeted each with smiles and cheer;
We've given all a helping hand
And made ourselves a happy band.

But some day, friends, will be our last,
When we'll be numbered with the past,
And should we never meet again,
I hope in your thoughts to remain.

Written by O. C. Huddleston, and spoken by his daughter Belle, who died in a few days after the close of her school, 1886.

The Curse of Drunkard Making.

Oh, dark and dreary Christmas,
In former times so gay!
This day three helpless children
Saw mother laid away.

No arms would now enfold them
They sat with weeping eyes—
But hush! there's passing foot-steps
That start them to arise.

And looking out the window,
A man came staggering by;
He did not stop to love them,
He'd often made them cry.

He was their once-loved father,
Despised by former friends;
Too drunk to know his children,
Their home mid sin's vile dens.

Oh, curse of drunkard making!
'Twas drink that wrecked this home;
It wrecked a noble manhood,
And made a mother's tomb.

God pity these dear children,
Avenge their blighted life
Wipe out the curse of drinking,
And end the drunkard's strife.

By W. R. Haddleston, Yoakum, Texas.
A descendant from the Tennessee Line.

290.

Longing of an Invalid.

Not as others do, I make my complaint,
Though, oftimes like them, I grow sick and faint,
And sigh for relief that I know in vain,
For freedom that shall never be mine again.

I long to be one in the worlds great throng —
Toiling to lift the race upward and on,
Toward that glorious — that distant goal,
Which shall rival man's True greatness of soul.

I care not how lowly or humble the place,
Nor how much toil I shall meet face to face,
So that in the ranks I'm given a birth,
With those who are battling for truth on earth.

I'm gazing southward, longing to be one,
With those who're carrying the flag still on —
Freedom's flag now, and ever shall be,
The last fetter broken and all are free.

I look 'round me in this bright joyful spring —
Every hand's at work — every bird on the wing;
I close my eyes with sad sorrowing heart,
For are not all but me performing a part.

By Preston Huddleston, Gillespie, Ill.

Preston Huddleston came from the Virginia line. He was a sufferer from rheumatism, and weighed 340 pounds. He died in 1869, at the age of about 29 years. He did a great deal of writing for the press.

The Huddleston Annual Reunion Greeting Song.

Tune: The Old Oaken Bucket.

How pleasant to gather in a annual meeting,
With hundreds of kindred from far and from near
To strengthen our kinship by joyfully greeting
Our loved ones not greeted for many a year.
And here we're reminded of those gone before us,
Our fathers of old were the first of their state;
And bright shines the lustre still gleaming down o'er us
From Athelstan, Egbert and Alfred the great.

Chorus:

Dear good name of Huddleston, keeping it jealous—
A thousand of years from King Athelstans morn;
And we his true children will treasure it zealous,
And send it untarnished to millions unborn.

In happy reunion we come on this feast-day,
With sunny bright faces, our cares left behind—
Repeating again all along life's great highway
The words gone in hist'ry from Alfreds great mind:
"I'd rather have men to remember me ever
For good I have done to the people I meet,
Than as a great conqueror, prosperous, clever,
See all the earth's nations bow low at my feet."

By S. B. H.

Index.

A bit of Mother's delf 167
A father's council. 144
Affinity 163
A hidden treasure. 125
A letter address. 251
A little soldier. 9
All is well. 248
A mother's gift. 165
A newyear's resolve. 156
A palace of thought. 27
A prayer. 74
April. 216
Are people born great. 155
A silverwedding. 143
A soldier's pride. 244
A Solemn sunset. 243
A suggestion. 134
August. 220
A vicious beast. 151
A welcome guest. 11
Author's on immortality. 53

Back to the scenes of my childhood. 152
Bear thy burdens. 80
Beatific. 8
Beautiful feet. 8
Be what thou art. 250
Beyond the tomb. 141
Blessings of affliction. 71
Blessings of love. 119
Born again. 82
But for my trials 43

Consecration. 19
Contentment. 106. 168
Conversion. 60
Couplets. 181

Dan Sail. 153
Daughter's dream. 157
December. 225
Depth of life. 172.
Does heaven bow to you? 212
Do not condemn thy brother 131
Down hill in the devil's own scoop. 58
Down on the Whitewater. 67
Duty. 78

Earth's greatest book. ____ 29
Education. ____ 63
Eternity ____ 13

February. ____ 214
Five blessed Mary's. ____ 20
Fleeing from sin. ____ 84
Folks I have seen. ____ 113
Fossils. ____ 160
Friendship not bound by space. ____ 172

Give your self a chance. ____ 28
God the source of love. ____ 52
Going home from the war. ____ 249.
Goodbye my Dear. ____ 115
Good wives. ____ 136
Go scatter seed-thoughts. ____ 45
Grand-pa's sparking days. 161
Growing old ____ 146

Habits grow. ____ 147
Have confidence in man. ____ 149.
Hearts form faces. ____ 83
Hopes that fade away ____ 72
How many are the battles ____ 238

How peacefully pleasent the hours. — 7
How sweet it will be. — 34

I am guilty, so are you. — 142
If men the truth could know. — 107
If we could take him at his word. — 48
If you love me tell me so. — 163
I give my self to Thee. — 31
I love to love. — 42
In memento. — 150
I wish I were a boy. — 126

January. — 213
Jesus will help me. — 37
Jimmy Joe Jack. — 169
July. A sonnet. — 219.

Keep in your place. — 110
Keep thy trust in God. — 66
Kindness. 73
Kind words. — 75
Knowledge. — 76

Land of my birth — 148
Lessons from the tombs — 55
Life, Death and Heaven. — 44

Light. 10
Life. 57
Look beyond. 19
Looking back. 14
Love. 76

March. 215
Marches and battles. 226
Mary Ward. 122
Master of thought. 17
Mary. 217
Meaner than a safe-cracker. 212
Men grow wiser after losses. 175
Modest majesty. 131
Moment by moment. 12
More calm than storm. 74
More than friend. 15
Music. 137
My bible. 56
My country. 112
My first home. 162
My last farewell. 30
My Saviour needs me. 55
New year's resolves. 156
Nothing new. 108.
November. 224

October, 223
Our Hoosier girls. 222
Our last thoughts. 27
Peace. 73
Peter he and Polly she. 173
Press on. 118
Pride. 141
Quib's and Quick's thanksgiving. 46
Quiet restfulness. 36
Reciprocity. 128
Recruiting for the Sunday School. 40
Reflections. 18
Response to "A mother's gift." 166
Rest in Jesus. 156
Resurrection morning 79.
Saltwell. 123
Sawed off at the first joint. 145
Saying prayers. 52
September. 221
Service. 9
Shall I. 32
Shepherd lead me. 39
Since He has done so much for me. 41
Smiles. 49
Sonnet. 75
Sweet Sabbath bells. 43

Sorrow. 140
Success. 137.
The bright way. 35
The "crick". 138.
The end. 252
The end of the world. 120
The fairest green. 58
The human voice. 170
The kernel of the nut. 54
The picket post 239
The poetry of life. 114
The pupils adieu 133
The Raindrop and the Bear. 116
The school of habit. 134
The storm. 129
The swan and the crane. 77
The Twenty-third Psalm. 6
Thy will be done. 16
To Barbara. 241
To the moon. 110
Unclassed thoughts. 81
Unclassified quadruplets. 176
Under grace. 64
Unguarded moments 84
Unimproved talents. 82
Upward looking. 107
Urias Kluve. 38

Vexations, 135
Victory song, 33
Welcome Song, 61
What will the end be, 5
When I am dying, 51
Where are they, 26
Where lieth my love, 121
Where will we be when Jesus comes, 174
Which must it be, 132
While thou art far away, 164
White lies, 171
Who are the harvesters, 117
With praise to thee oh God, 62
Women, 109
Xen Perdo's mission 85
Yesterday and Today 65
Yes and no, 159
Zeal for brotherhood, 111

Index to Anecdotes and Poetry.

A borrowed book, 275
A cloud upon thy brow, 281
Acrostics, 277, 278, 279, 279, 280, 280
Angels at the gate, 283
A parting word, 263
A valentine, 276
A voyage to the moon 293

Book to lend 272

Christians should not sing 266
Conclusion, 260

Disunion of the States. 259

Epigram 277
Every Huddleston a president 282
For the album 276
Harp upon the willow tree 272
Huddleston and poetry 254
Huddleston blood. 282.
Huddleston greeting song. 291
I'll sweep at my own door 285
Infant early Blest. 265
Leaving school 275
Lessons to learn 280
Longings of an invalid 290.
No show in heaven 284
Oration 288
Prayer. 269.
Solitary thoughts 256
Sixtieth marriage aniversary 261.
Silent worship. 270
The Spirit above all. 263
Time 275
To my departed 286
The curse of drunkard making 289
Tobacco-smoker's Union 268
Upward, Onward. 258
Youthful devotion. 281.

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